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The Gift of
Samuel Gilman, D.D.
of
Charleston, S.C.
Rec^d. Feb. 4, 1857.

VERSES

OF

A LIFE TIME.

BY

CAROLINE GILMAN,

AUTHOR OF RECOLLECTIONS OF A SOUTHERN MATRON, LOVE'S PROGRESS, ORACLES FROM THE POETS, JUVENILE POEMS, &C. &C.

BOSTON AND CAMBRIDGE:

JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.

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1857 Feb 4
Gift of the
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The Gift of
Samuel Gilman, D.D.
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Rec^d. Feb. 4, 1857.

TO

MY DAUGHTER ANNIE.

CONTENTS.

BALLADS, DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

	PAGE
THE BETROTHED	3
THE NEAPOLITAN BOYS	9
ISADORE	11
JOSHUA'S COURTSHIP	18
THE TRAVELLER FROM NORTH CAROLINA	22
MARY ANNA GIBBES	25
THE MONARCH AT PRAYER	32
THE OLD MAN'S LOVE SONG	35
ROSALIE	38
THE MERCHANT'S BRIDE	47
THE GAMESTER	56
A BALLAD	61
A NEW ENGLAND BALLAD	75
FRANCISCO DE RIBALTA	81
MARY LEE	86
THE CROW-MINDER OF THE SOUTH	90

PAGE

ANNIE IN THE GRAVE-YARD 94
THE WARRIOR 96
THE YOUNGEST ONE 99
"BEYOND THE SABBATH" 101
THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER 105
ISAAC HAYNE 107
JAIRUS' DAUGHTER 124
JEPTHAH'S RASH VOW 127
THE MAIDEN AND THE MARINER 132

THOUGHTS IN JOURNEYING.

THE CONGRESSIONAL BURYING-GROUND 137
THE RELEASED CONVICT'S CELL 140
THE MOCKING BIRD IN THE CITY 142
THE CITY OF NEW YORK 143
SARATOGA LAKE 145
MUSIC ON THE CANAL 147
THE WEST-POINT EAGLE 150
TRENTON FALLS, NEW YORK 152
SWEET AUBURN 154
WASHINGTON'S ELM AT CAMBRIDGE 157
THOUGHTS ON PASSING PLATTSBURG 160
TO THE ST. LAWRENCE 161
TO THE URSULINES 162
RETURN TO MASSACHUSETTS 164
ANSWER, ETC. 166

PAGE

HYMNS.

THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH 171
PATIENCE 173
DISAPPOINTMENT 175
THE ORPHAN'S ANNUAL HYMN 176
ORPHAN'S HYMN 178
TEMPTATION RESISTED 180
ST. LUKE, IX. 182
GOD OUR FATHER 184

TEMPERANCE SONGS, &c.

COME, SIGN THE VOW 187
THE FORT MOULTRIE TEMPERANCE FLAG . . . 190
WHAT WOKE ME FROM MY DREAM . . . 193
TEMPERANCE FLOWERS 195
THE OYSTER'S APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC . . 197

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE AMERICAN BOY 203
TO A FRIEND 207
THOUGHTS ON A BALL ROOM 208
THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE 210
THE GENTLEMAN'S CHOICE 211
THE COUNTERFEIT 212
AN INCIDENT 214

PAGE

SEVENTEEN 216

CHILDREN AT PLAY 218

O COME, MAIDENS, COME! 220

TO AN INFANT BOY 223

HOUSEHOLD WOMAN 225

THOUGHTS ON ZERLINA THORN 226

STANZAS 228

ST. MICHAEL'S TOWER 229

MOTHER, WHAT IS DEATH? 232

A SKETCH 234

TO MISS —— 236

CITY CLOUDS AND STARS 238

A LAMENT 241

TO MY DAUGHTER 246

MIDNIGHT AT SULLIVAN'S ISLAND 249

MY PIAZZA 252

MY GARDEN 256

MY KNITTING WORK 261

BALLADS, DRAMATIC

AND

OTHER SKETCHES.

BALLADS, DRAMATIC

AND

OTHER SKETCHES.

THE BETROTHED.

Scene — A Southern Plantation — Noon.

MOTHER.

Why linger near me, Emma, with that cheek
Which colors up in flushings like the sky
Lit by the sinking sun? Why from thine hand
Falls the small needle, as e'en that were weight
Too large? What mean these broken words and sighs,
Now passionate, then sinking down so low
That I must bend mine ear to catch the tone?
Hark, is that Edgar's step?

EMMA.

O, mother, dear —

MOTHER.

My child, my simple child, it needs not words
To tell me now — indeed, I 've known it long.
Think'st thou, that I could see the lily's leaves
Floating like living things upon the wave,
And guess not that the *tide* did move them thus?
Think'st thou that when the rose's bloom is stirr'd,
I know not the *breeze*, with waving breath,
Is sweeping o'er its rich and blushing leaves?
Or when the wind-harp wakes with thrilling tones,
I know not the same *breeze*, kissing its strings,
Doth call its murmurs? Just as plain to me,
Is it, that *love*, my child, hath touch'd thy soul!
Nay, start not, Emma, 't is no sin to love. —
But come, and lay thy head upon my breast,
And tell me all. I will not seek thine eyes,
Nor pierce their sable fringe, but clasp thy hand,
Thy fair, soft hand, whose tender pressure shall
Speak half thy tale.

EMMA.

My gentle mother, how
Can I for any other love neglect

Thy love! Nor did I, nor did Edgar thus;
And when this morn he urg'd his eager suit,
Thy name was blent in fondness with my own.
Rememberest thou, O yes, thou never canst
Forget the day, when, but a thoughtless girl,
With springing step and floating hair, I sought
The river bank, whereon my brothers sat,
Throwing the line to lure their watery prey;
Eager to see their prisoner caught, I lean'd
On a young sapling with unconscious weight,
And fell — when Edgar saw — he sprang — impetuous,
Leap'd to the wave, and with sustaining strength
Upbore me till assistance came. How quick
Is thought! Though reeling, dizzy, just upon
The brink of dark futurity, this hope
Come lighting like a torch my youthful heart,
Edgar will be my *friend!* I knew not love,
Or then, perchance, I might have said, my *love!*
Ere long he left us for more classic bowers;
But tidings often came of one, who stood
Before his classmates with a laurell'd brow,
Winning with graceful ease the frequent prize.
Nor this alone; I heard of generous deeds,
Where the kind heart outshone the sparkling mind,
As yon white blossoms grace the laurel tree.

And tokens sometimes came rememberingly,
(Thou knowest them, mother, well) — a drawing once
Of a young girl just rescued from the waves,
With eyes seal'd up like blossoms in rude storms;
He had not sketch'd her young *deliverer;*
For modesty is nature in him, but
My vision fancied there the ardent boy,
His chestnut curls crush'd by the sweeping stream,
His panting chest, his opening lips, his eyes
Starting in fear, and doubt, and growing joy,
When I unfolded mine. — Sometimes a flower
Was sent, or leaf, gather'd perchance in some
Lone, musing hour; or color'd sea-shell, which,
In whispers to mine ear, told a soft tale
I whisper'd not again.
Time roll'd, and he,
That distant one, crown'd with collegiate fame,
Return'd. He sought me, mother, and this morn,
Where the clematis bower shuts out the sun,
And the fond birds pour forth their loving lays,
He ask'd me for my heart. — I answer'd not;
But, mother, it was his on that far morn,
When shuddering from the river's depth I woke
Within his arms.

MOTHER.

Thanks, love, for this fond trust.
O, never should a daughter's thoughts find rest
On kinder pillow than a mother's heart.
But Edgar comes. — Look up and meet his smile.

* * * * * *

Yes, take her hand, and with it a young heart
Full of love's first devotion. 'T is a charge,
My son, most precious! When she errs, reprove,
Spare not deserv'd reproof; she has been train'd
In Christ's high school, and knows that she is frail,
And she can bear the probe when brought by *love*.
But of *neglect* beware! Cherish her well;
For should the breath of coldness fall on her,
Thou wouldst hear no complaint, but thou wouldst see
Her sink into the grave, as the green leaves
Shrivel and fade beneath autumnal winds.
It is a struggle hard to bear, my son,
When a fond mother's cherish'd flower is borne,
Gently transplanted, to a happy home;
But deeper far than death's the withering pang,
To see her sought a few short months of pride,
Her beauties cherish'd, and her odors priz'd,
And then thrown by as lightly as the weed,
The trampled weed along the traveller's path.

And, O, bethink thee, Edgar, of her *soul*,
And lead her in the heavenly road to God.
In that great day, when mortal hearts are bare,
Motives and deeds before the Eternal throne,
Beware lest I, with earnest pleadings, sue
To thee for this sweet child! Bring her to me
A blessed spirit, wrapt in robes of grace,
And if there's gratitude in heavenly bowers,
O, thou shalt hear its full and gushing tones
Rise in thanksgiving from a mother's soul!

CHARLESTON, S. C. 1835

THE NEAPOLITAN BOYS.

[At the Revolution in Naples, in 1779, two brothers, one fifteen, the other twelve years old, were condemned to death, and upon the entreaties of their mother, the King's attorney told her that he could spare one of them, and bade her choose.]

I CANNOT tell — I dare not tell,
On which the fearful choice shall rest;
They both have frolick'd 'neath my gaze,
They both were nurtur'd at my breast.

O, Henry, Henry, look not thus
In silence on thy mother's face!
Speak, speak, my patient boy, and break
That spell of melancholy grace.

And yet thy shrill and startling cry,
My Edward, cuts thy mother's soul;
That pleading voice I cannot bear, —
Thy dreadful eloquence control.

Thy wooing smile, thine eye of blue,
How oft thy father call'd them mine!
Can I give up the look *he* prais'd?
Can I that eye of love resign?

My boy! my boy! I thought that thou
Shouldst smooth my pillow at its close;
I hoped thy kind and soothing hand,
Would rock life's cradle of repose.

And thou, my Henry, with thy brow
And eagle look of high emprize;
I dream'd that thou wouldst clear my path,
And guard the way where danger lies.

That brow, that look, thy *father's* look,
O no! I cannot bid *thee* die:
Would they had wrapt me in his shroud,
How tranquilly I there could lie!

Go, boys — away! I will not choose;
God must resume the lives he gave —
For me, I bear a breaking heart,
Which soon will lay me in the grave.

1835.

ISADORE.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

Scene 1st — A Garden.

FATHER.

She comes, my Isadore, how large the claim,
The double claim, she lays upon my care
For her sweet self, and almost dearer still,
As her pure mother's dying gift of love!
How rich the rose is opening on her cheek!
Not the red rose's hue, but that soft dye
That slowly fades like morning clouds, which melt
In mottled softness on the whitening heav'n.
Her chestnut locks float in the sunshine free!
Her soft blue eyes, deep in their tenderness,
Reflect all beautiful and kindly things.
She would seem infantile, but that her brow
In lilied majesty uptowers, and tells
That lofty thought and chasten'd pride are there!
And must I break the calm of that young spirit?
Come o'er that peaceful lake with ruffling storms?

Wake up its billowy strife, and wreck perchance
The forms of hope that float above its depths?

[*Isadore enters.*

My child. — She knows what I would say, and reads
The thoughts which only yestermorn I breath'd
With sympathetic sighs and mournful tone
Into her startled ear. — List, Isadore.

ISADORE.

I may not listen, father. I have vow'd
On the high altar of a faithful heart
To be his bride, and I will keep the vow.

FATHER.

But thou didst vow to purity and truth,
At least its semblance, and thou wert deceiv'd.

ISADORE.

Deceiv'd, my father? Look upon his eyes
Where truth lies mirror'd; look upon his lips
That speak in wreathed smiles ingenuous,
And then thou canst not say I am deceiv'd.
Last eve, it was a calm and lovely one,
We stood upon this garden-mound, where flowers,
Sprang up like blessings 'neath our happy tread;

The moon look'd down with that still gentle eye
With which she greets young love; — courage I drew
From the pure beaming of her heavenly gaze,
And when my hand poor Julian took, I breathed
Our traitor fears — an angry flush, that spake
Of injur'd innocence, lit up his brow.
Unjust, ungenerous Isadore! he said,
Think'st thou the nectar-beverage of the gods
Could tempt me from thy love? No, Isadore;
Perchance I might, not knowing thee, have prized
A coarser joy — but now that thy young heart
In love's pulsation answers true to mine,
Now that thy lips, blushing and faltering,
Have seal'd thy vow, I never more can stray.

FATHER.

My Isadore, 'tis hard to break the wreath,
That buds and twines around a faithful heart.
But, dearest, love has blinded thee, nor canst
Thou see the incipient form of woe. His words,
Heartless to me, like oracles arrest
Thy listening ear; his eyes with revel glazed,
Seem but to thee bright orbs of hope and truth.
Arouse thyself, my child, awake, awake!
Thou'rt folding to thy heart a serpent's coil,

And thou wilt feel its sting; while I, alas,
Who took thee from thy dying mother's breast,
Her last sad gift, and nurs'd thy feeble frame;
Who watch'd thy gentle slumbers, and on whom
Thy first smile fell like dawning light from heaven,
When with the ray of young intelligence
It broke its infant chaos; I who saw
Thy little feet, and heard thy shout of joy,
When with a tottering step thou gain'dst my arms;
I, who perceiv'd thy rich and active mind
Ope to high culture; and to whom indeed
No longer child, thou hast become a friend,
Shall see thee chain'd for aye, (nay, I *must* speak,)
To one, who, caught by sensual, low desires,
Knows not the precious value of the pearl
Which melts within his coarse and turbid grasp.

ISADORE.

Father, 't is not that any girlish pride,
Low principle, or tendency to wrong
Enthrals me, that I cling to Julian thus:
I gave my heart to *virtuous* love — but if,
In any space of time thy will demands,
I find him aught that virtue shall condemn,
I pledge myself to cast him from my heart

As lightly as the vessel flings the spray
That gathers on its prow. — Think'st thou thy child,
Whom thou hast train'd with strong and upward hopes,
And clothed with faith as armor, and inspired
With trust that that high spark thou call'st her soul
Shall rise and mingle with th' eternal flame,
Will stoop to be the victim of unblest
Desires? — No, hear me, Heaven! and father, hear;
If it be true, (and O my God, if prayers
And groans, and tears, issuing in troubled strife
From out a bursting heart, are heard above,
It will not be,) if it indeed be true,
That Julian seeks the reveller's haunt, I vow
To thee, who, having fram'd the mind, dost claim
Its homage, that these lips shall proudly spurn
His cherish'd name. Spurn, did I say? Ah no;
For the close tendrils of a faithful love
Will cling around me still, but I will loose,
Gently and firmly from my fetter'd soul,
Their twining hold; yes, father — though I die.

* * * * * *

Scene 2d — the Garden Mound — Sunset.

ISADORE.

'T is done, and I am free — so is the oak
O'er which the storm with lightning wrath hath sped

And left a ghastly pile — so is the wave,
The cold and midnight wave, that tosses on
Beneath a stormy sky — so is the star
When clouds are drifting round its lonely path,
And other stars are gone! O, father, father,
Take me to your kind arms — they will not sear
Nor scorch me with the drunkard's burning touch,
Nor shall I hear thy unpolluted lips
Pour forth the babblings of a reeling brain.

[*Throws herself into her father's arms.*

FATHER.

Heroic child! thine was a high resolve,
And followed up in nobleness of soul!
I knew thou wouldst not compromise with sin,
Nor give soft names to foul intemperance.
She hears me not — my Isadore — look up;
Thy father's arms are round thee, and he knows
Thy deep, deep woe. Alas, poor stricken flower,
Thou wert not made for this unkindly storm!
Thy cheek is pale, beloved, pale with grief;
Distended on thy marble brow and lids
(Too sad for tears) arise the struggling veins,
And thou dost start as if some fearful task
Oppress'd thee still.

Almighty! thou who know'st
The anguish'd throes with which the youthful hand
Cuts its own hopes, look down upon my child,
Comfort and bless her in this bitter hour!
My prayer is heard; she rests, and to her lips
A smile, almost serene, has wing'd its way.

ISADORE [*in a low tone.*]

Father, I've dream'd; and as my half-form'd thoughts
Came bruis'd and bleeding through my riven mind,
I seem'd to grope, where in the far gray depths
With waving robes, above a dark abyss,
I saw a *shadowy form.* It beckon'd me,
And eagerly I strove to reach its side,
Until I saw '*Temptation*' on its brow
Inscribed. Then pray'd a voice, "*Lead me not there!*"
From my own heart it came distinct and calm.
Again I look'd, and there in golden hues,
While floated off *the form* in murky clouds,
Blazed the word *Duty*, and once more the voice
Stirr'd in my soften'd soul, "*Those whom he loves*
He chastens."

CHARLESTON, S. C. 1835.

JOSHUA'S COURTSHIP.

A NEW ENGLAND BALLAD.

STOUT Joshua was a farmer's son,
And a pondering he sat
One night, when the faggots crackling burn'd,
And purr'd the tabby cat.

Joshua was a well-grown youth,
As one might plainly see
By the sleeves that vainly tried to reach
His hands upon his knee.

His splay-feet stood all parrot-toed
In cow-hide shoes array'd,
And his hair seem'd cut across his brow
By rule and plummet laid.

And what was Joshua pondering on,
With his widely staring eyes,
And his nostrils opening sensibly
To ease his frequent sighs?

Not often will a lover's lips
The tender secret tell,
But out he spoke, before he thought,
"My gracious! Nancy Bell!"

His mother at her spinning-wheel
Good woman stood and spun,
"And what," says she, "is come o'er you,
Is 't *airnest* or is 't fun?"

Then Joshua gave a cunning look,
Half bashful and half sporting,
"Now what did father do," says he,
"When first he came a courting?"

"Why Josh, the first thing that he did,"
With a knowing wink said she,
"He dress'd up of a Sunday night,
And *cast sheep's eyes** at me."

Josh said no more, but straight went out
And sought a butcher's pen,
Where twelve fat sheep, for market bound,
Had lately slaughtered been.

* Tender glances.

He bargain'd with a lover's zeal,
Obtain'd the wish'd for prize,
And fill'd his pockets fore and aft
With twice twelve bloody eyes.

The next night was the happy time
When all New England sparks,
Drest in their best, go out to court
As spruce and gay as larks.

When floors are nicely sanded o'er,
When tins and pewter shine,
And milk-pans by the kitchen wall
Display their dainty line;

While the new ribbon decks the waist
Of many a waiting lass,
Who steals a conscious look of pride
Toward her answering glass.

In pensive mood sat Nancy Bell;
Of Joshua thought not she,
But of a hearty sailor lad
Across the distant sea.

Her arm upon the table rests,
  Her hand supports her head,
When Joshua enters with a scrape,
  And somewhat bashful tread.

No word he spake, but down he sat
  And heav'd a doleful sigh;
Then at the table took his aim
  And roll'd a glassy eye.

Another and another flew
  With quick and strong rebound,
They tumbled in poor Nancy's lap,
  They fell upon the ground.

While Joshua smirk'd, and sigh'd, and smil'd
  Between each tender aim,
And still the cold and bloody balls
  In frightful quickness came.

Until poor Nancy flew with screams
  To shun the amorous sport,
And Joshua found to *cast sheeps' eyes*
  Was not the way to court.

1832.

A BALLAD.

THE TRAVELLER FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

A True Story.

The wintry blast was loud and cold,
And clouds flew wildly o'er the sky,
The hard earth crackled 'neath the feet,
And men look'd chill, and hurried by.

I heard a low rap at the door,
The sound that speaks a suppliant's call;
Strange contrast with bold fashion's note,
Or business' short and steady fall.

She enter'd then — a woman lone,
Bent o'er a crutch, and pale with age,
Not hers the beggar's studied plea,
Nor arts, that guileless hearts engage.

There was a gentle dignity,
A chasten'd patience in her strain;
A mien of grave propriety,
That practis'd vice can ne'er attain.

Her dim gray eye look'd up to mine,
"I came," she said, "a distant road;
I'm very old, and very poor;
And have no friend — no friend but God.

"My son to Charleston bent his way,
With strength and vigor in his frame,
And left me to come after him,
When he should earn industrious fame.

"One year roll'd by — he wrote to me
Fresh from his heart, in tender joy,
'Lay by your work and care,' he said,
'And come to meet your only boy.

"'I've prosper'd well with daily toil,
An honest living now is mine;
Come live with me, and cheer my home,
And on my stronger arm recline.'

"I came. I sought my blessed child —
I thought my earthly wants had fled;
I came — O, lady, pity me!
My son, my only son, was dead.

"And very lonely is this place,
Tho' many faces crowd around,
A little pittance I would ask,
To reach my native burial-ground."

At that she paus'd. O, cold the heart
That could refuse that simple tone;
I watch'd her on her parting road,—
New faces came, — and she was gone.

CHARLESTON, S. C. 1834.

MARY ANNA GIBBES,

THE YOUNG HEROINE OF STONO, S. C.*

Stono, on thy still banks
The roar of war is heard; its thunders swell
And shake yon mansion, where domestic love
Till now breathed simple kindness to the heart;
Where white-arm'd childhood twined the neck of age,
Where hospitable cares lit up the hearth,
Cheering the lonely traveller on his way.
A foe inhabits there, — and they depart,
The infirm old man, and his fair household charge,
Seeking another home. — Home! who can tell
The touching power of that most sacred word,
Save he, who feels and weeps that he has none?

* This authentic anecdote is related by Major Garden. It is poetry in itself, without the aid of measured language, but it is hoped its present form may extend the knowledge of this Carolina maiden among her countrymen. "The gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Fenwick, so much distinguished for his services in the war of 1812, was the person saved."

Among that group of midnight exiles, fled
Young Mary Anna, on whose youthful cheek
But thirteen years had kindled up the rose.
A laughing creature, breathing heart and love,
Yet timid as the fawn in southern wilds.
E'en the night-reptile on the dewy grass
Startled the maiden, and the silent stars,
Looking so still from out their cloudy home,
Troubled her mind. No time was there for gauds
And toilette art, in this quick flight of fear;
Her glossy hair, damp'd by the midnight winds,
Lay on her neck dishevelled; gathered round
Her form in hurried folds clung her few garments;
Now a quick thrilling sob, half grief, half dread,
Came bursting from her heart, — and now her eyes
Glar'd forth, as peal'd the cannon; then beneath
Their drooping lids, sad tears redundant flowed.
But sudden mid the group a cry arose,
"Fenwick! where is he?" None returned reply,
But a sharp piercing glance went out, around,
Keen as a mother's towards her infant child
When sudden danger lowers, and then a shriek
From one, from all burst forth — "He is not here!"
Poor boy, he slept! nor crash of hurrying guns,
Nor impious curses, nor the warrior's shout,

Awoke his balmy rest! He dreamt such dreams
As float round childhood's couch, of angel faces
Peering through clouds; — of sunny rivulets,
Where the fresh stream flows rippling on, to waft
A tiny sail; — and of his rabbits white,
With eyes of ruby, and his tender fawn's
Long delicate limbs, light tread, and graceful neck.
He slept unconscious. — Who shall wake that sleep?
All shrink, for now th' artillery louder roars; —
The frightened slaves crouch at their master's side,
And he, infirm and feeble, scarce sustains
His sinking weight.
There was a pause, a hush
So deep, that one could hear the forest leaves
Flutter and drop between the war-gun's peal.
Then forward stood that girl, young Mary Anna,
The tear dried up upon her cheek, the sob
Crushed down, and in that high and lofty tone
Which sometimes breathes of woman in the child,
She said, "He shall not die," — and turned *alone*.
Alone? O gentle girlhood, not alone
Art thou, if One watching above will guard
Thee on thy way.
Clouds shrouded up the stars; —
On — on she sped, the gun's broad glare her beacon!

The wolf-growl sounded near, — on — onward still:
The forest trees like warning spirits moaned, —
She pressed her hands against her throbbing heart,
But faltered not. The whizzing shot went by,
Scarce heeded went. — Pass'd is a weary mile
With the light step a master-spirit gives
On duty's road, and she has reached her home.
Her home — is this her home, at whose fair gate
Stern foes in silence stand to bar her way?
That gate, which from her infant childhood leap'd
On its wide hinges, glad at her return?
Before the sentinels she trembling stood,
And with a voice, whose low and tender tones
Rose like the ring-dove's in midsummer storms,
She said,
"Please let me pass, and seek a child,
Who in my father's mansion has been left
Sleeping, unconscious of the danger near."
While thus she spake, a smile incredulous
Stole o'er the face of one, — the other cursed
And barr'd her from the way.
"O, sirs," she cried,
While from her upraised eyes the tears stream'd down,
And her small hands were clasp'd in agony,
"Drive me not hence, I pray. Until to-night

I dared not stray beyond my nurse's side
In the dim twilight; yet I now have come
Alone, unguarded, this far dreary mile,
By darkness unappall'd; — a simple worm
Would often fright my heart, and bid it flutter,
But now I've heard the wild wolf's hungry howl
With soul undaunted — till to-night, I've shrunk
From men; — and soldiers! scarcely dared I look
Upon their glittering arms; — but here I come
And sue to *you*, men, warriors; — drive me not
Away. He whom I seek is yet a child,
A prattling boy, — and must he, must he die?
O, if you love *your* children, let me pass. —
You will not? Then my strength and hope are gone,
And I shall perish, ere I reach my friends."
And then she press'd her brow, as if those hands,
So soft and small, could still its throbbing pulse.
The sentinels looked calmly on, like men
Whose blades had toyed with sorrow, and made sport
Of woe. One step the maiden backward took,
Lingering in thought, then hope like a soft flush
Of struggling twilight kindled in her eyes.
She knelt before them and re-urged her plea.
"Perchance you have a sister, sir, or you,

A poor young thing like me; if she were here
Kneeling like me before *my* countrymen,
They would not spurn her thus!"
"Go, girl — pass on" —
The soften'd voice of one replied, nor was
She check'd, nor waited she to hear repulse,
But darted through the avenue, attained
The hall, and springing up the well known stairs,
With such a flight as the young eagle takes
To gain its nest, she reached the quiet couch,
Where in bright dreams th' unconscious sleeper lay.
Slight covering o'er the rescued boy she threw,
And caught him in her arms. He knew that cheek,
Kiss'd it half-waking, then around her neck
His hands entwined, and dropp'd to sleep again.
She bore him onward, dreading now for him
The shot that whizz'd along, and tore the earth
In fragments by her side. She reached the guards,
Who silent oped the gate, — then hurried on,
But as she pass'd them, from her heart burst forth —
"God bless you, gentlemen!" then urged her way;
Those arms, whose heaviest load and task had been
To poise her doll, and wield her childhood's toys,
Bearing the boy along the dangerous road.

Voices at length she hears — her friends are near,
They meet, and yielding up her precious charge,
She sinks upon her father's breast, in doubt
'Twixt smiles and tears.

1837.

THE MONARCH AT PRAYER.

"George the Third knelt by the bedside of his dying daughter, the Princess Amelia, and prayed."

PROUD Windsor's towers lay bathed in light,
And Nature look'd and smil'd
On that rich work of human art,
As on her own fair child.

The birds sent up their piping notes,
Or cut the yielding sky;
The garden'd plains and wooded hills
Look'd gladsome to the eye.

But sorrow deep and darkly fell
Beneath those lordly walls,
And wailings hush'd, but sorrowful,
Were whisper'd through the halls.

Ah, what avails it, that *yon* couch
And canopy are hung,
With trappings of more brilliant hue,
Than ancient poets sung ?

She cares not for exotic flowers,
Nor fruits that clustering swell,
Nor all the pomp and gorgeousness
That luxury scarce may tell.

Forbear to tempt her faded lip,
With costly viands now ;
Forbear to place the scented wreath,
Above that marble brow.

Ye need not tread with feathery step,
Her velvet cover'd floor ;
Nor guard with silent sentinels,
The nicely balanc'd door :

She heeds not now the sounds of earth,
More than the autumn flower
Heeds the wild winds, that pass, and strew
Its leaves within her bower.

Yet hush — tread light — a sound goes up,
And o'er the heart-pulse rings!
A Monarch by his dying child
Prays to the King of Kings.

It is a sight most beautiful
For earthly pride, to see
The faith that lights her dying brow,
And shines so gloriously.

The Monarch clasps her blue-vein'd hands,
With gentle pressure given;
His filling eyes are fixed on hers,
And hers are rais'd to Heaven.

Seek *thou* the Sovereign on his throne,
The Conqueror in his power,
The Statesman, organ of a world,
In his successful hour;

But cold, O! cold the picture seems,
Of light and grace beguil'd,
When on the Monarch's form I gaze,
Kneeling beside his child.

1834.

THE OLD MAN'S LOVE SONG.

'T is fifty years, my Edith,
And more, since we were one,
And many a man, and many a babe,
Their mortal course have run.

Thou fanciest that thine eye is dim,
And that thy locks are gray,
O! Edith, dear are they to me,
As on our wedding day!

Thou wert proud of me, my Edith,
When first I sought thy side,
And I believ'd that naught on earth,
Was worthy of my bride.

Thou hast been true and tender,
In the sunny hours of life,
In sickness and in sorrow too,
A kind and faithful wife.

Our children's children circle
  Around our aged knee,
And God has blest us still with sight
  Their little ones to see.

Their silken hands, endearingly
  My trembling fingers press,
But not less dear, my Edith, is
  Thy matronly caress.

The world has dealt full kindly,
  As we've trod our earthly way,
And many blessings from above,
  Have crown'd each passing day.

And death has seem'd to linger,
  As loth to bid us part,
Because we have, thro' weal and woe,
  Kept ever but one heart.

O, well we know, my Edith,
  Who has spar'd us on the road;
And night and morn our thoughts as one
  Have risen to our God.

Yes, on the private altar,
We've laid our humble prayer,
And hand in hand have sought His courts,
To pay our worship there.

But the term of life is ending,
For eighty years have past,
Since you and I in infancy,
Upon the world were cast.

One prayer to God we offer,
As life draws near its close,
That we may still together rest,
And in one grave repose, —

That when his awful summons
Shall call us to the sky,
Still *undivided* to his throne,
Our faithful souls may fly.

1832.

ROSALIE.

'Tis fearful to watch by a dying friend,
Though luxury glistens nigh;
Though the pillow of down be softly spread
Where the throbbing temples lie; —

Though the loom's pure fabric enfold the form,
Though the shadowy curtains flow,
Though the feet on sumptuous carpets tread
As "lightly as snow on snow;"

Though the perfum'd air as a garden teems
With flowers of healthy bloom,
And the feathery fan just stirs the breeze
In the cool and guarded room;

Though the costly cup for the fever'd lip
With grateful cordial flows,
While the watching eye and the warning hand
Preserve the snatch'd repose.

Yes, even with these appliances
From wealth's unmeasured store,
'T is fearful to watch the spirit's flight
To its dim and distant shore.

But O, when the form that we love is laid
On *Poverty's* chilly bed,
When roughly the blast to the shivering limbs
Through crevice and pane is sped;

When the noon-day sun comes streaming in
On the dim or burning eye,
And the heartless laugh and the worldly tread
Is heard from the passers by;

When the sickly lip for a pleasant draught
To us in vain upturns,
And the aching head on a pillow hard
In restless fever burns;

When night rolls on, and we gaze in woe
On the candle's lessening ray,
And grope about in the midnight gloom,
And long for the breaking day;

Or bless the moon as her silver torch
  Sheds light on our doubtful hand,
When pouring the drug which a moment wrests
  The soul from the spirit-land;

When we know that sickness of soul and heart
  Which sensitive bosoms feel —
When helpless, hopeless, we needs must gaze
  On woes we cannot heal, —

This, this is the crown of bitterness;
  And we pray as the lov'd one dies
That our breath may pass with their waning pulse,
  And with theirs close our aching eyes.

My story tells of sweet Rosalie,
  Once a maiden of joy and delight,
A ray of love from her girlish days,
  To her parents' devoted sight.

The girl was free as the river wave
  That dances to ocean's rest;
And life look'd down like a summer's sun
  On her pure and gentle breast.

She saw young Arthur — their happy hearts
  Like two young streamlets shone,
That leap along on their mountain path,
  Then mingle their waters as one.

They parted ; — he roved to western wilds
  To seek for his bird a nest ;
And Rosalie dwelt in her father's halls,
  And folded her wings to rest.

But her father died, and a fearful blight
  O'er his child and his widow fell —
They sunk from that day in the gloomy abyss
  Where sorrow and poverty dwell.

Consumption came, and he whisper'd low
  To the widow of early death ;
He hasten'd the beat of her constant pulse,
  And baffled the coming breath.

He prey'd on the bloom of her still soft cheek,
  And shrivell'd her hand of snow ;
He check'd her step in its easy glide,
  And her eye beamed a restless glow.

He choked her voice in its morning song,
And stifled its evening lay,
And husky and coarse rose her midnight hymn
As she lay on her pillow to pray.

Poor Rosalie rose by the dawning light,
And sat by the midnight oil;
But the pittance was fearfully small that came
By her morning and evening toil.

'T was then in *her* lodging the night-wind came
Through crevice and broken pane,
'T was there that the early sun-beam burst
With its glaring and burning train.

When Rosalie sat by her mother's side,
She smothered her heart's affright,
And essay'd to smile, though the monster *Want*
Stood haggard and wan in her sight.

She pressed her feet on the cold damp floor,
And crushed her hands on her heart,
Or stood like a statue so still and pale,
Lest a tear or a cry should start.

Her household goods went one by one
To purchase their scanty fare;
And even the little mirror was sold
Where she parted her glossy hair.

Then hunger glared in her full blue eye,
And was heard in her tremulous tone;
And she long'd for the crust that the beggar eats
As he sits by the way-side stone.

The neighbors gave of their scanty store,
But their jealous children scowl'd;
And the eager dog that guarded the street,
Look'd on the morsel and howl'd.

Then her mother died — 't was a blessed thing!
For the last faint embers had gone
On the chilly hearth, and the candle was out
As Rosalie watch'd for the dawn.

'Twas a blessed exchange from this dark, cold earth
To those bright and blossoming bowers,
Where the spirit roves in its robes of light,
And gathers immortal flowers!

Poor Rosalie lay on her mother's breast,
Though its fluttering breath was o'er;
And eagerly press'd her passive hand,
Which return'd the pressure no more.

In darkness she closed the fixing eyes,
And saw not the deathly glare;
Then straiten'd the warm and flaccid limbs
With a wild and fearful care.

And ere the dawn of the morrow broke
On the night that her mother died,
Poor Rosalie sank from her long, long watch,
In sleep by her mother's side.

'T was a sorrowful sight for the neighbors to see,
(When they woke from their kindlier rest,)
The beautiful girl with her innocent face
Asleep on the corpse's breast.

Her hair flowed about by her mother's side,
And her hand on the dead hand fell;
Yet her breathing was light as the lily's roll
When waved by the ripple's swell.

There was surely a vision of heaven's delight
  Haunting her exquisite rest,
For she smiled in her sleep such a heavenly smile
  As could only beam out from the blest.

'T was fearful as beautiful; and as they gazed,
  The neighbors stood whispering low,
Nor dared they remove her white arm from the dead,
  Where it seemed in its fondness to grow.

Life is not always a darkling dream,
  God loves our sad waking to bless,
More brightly, perchance, for the dreary shade
  That heralds our happiness.

A stranger stands by that humble door,
  A youth in the flush of life,
And sudden hope in his thoughtful glance
  Seems with sorrow and care at strife.

Manly beauty and soul-formed grace
  Stand forth in each movement fair,
And speak in the turn of his well-timed step,
  And shine in his wavy hair.

With travel and watchfulness worn was he,
  Yet there beamed on his open brow
Traces of faith and integrity,
  Where conscience had stamped her vow.

'T was Arthur — he gazed on those two pale forms,
  Soon one was clasped to his heart —
In piercing accents he called her name —
  That voice bade the life-blood start.

Not on the dead doth she ope her eyes,
  Life, love, spread their living wings;
And she rests on her lover's breast as a child
  To its nursing mother clings.

A pure white tomb in the near grave-yard
  Betokens the widow's rest,
But Arthur has gone to his forest home,
  And shelters his dove in his nest.

1837.

THE MERCHANT'S BRIDE.

A BALLAD.

PART FIRST.

Before the priest young Julia stood
A bright and buoyant maid,
Scarce conscious of the winning charm
Each act and look betrayed.

Her pure white robe, with graceful fold,
And floating veil descend,
While costly flowers from distant climes
With costly jewels blend.

Pearls tremble on her lovely brow,
And clasp her swan-like neck,
And glittering diamonds, rich and rare,
Her slender fingers deck.

And he who gave this lavish store
  Gazes upon his prize,
Forgetful of the diamond's blaze
  While looking in her eyes.

For there, confiding tenderness
  And maiden sweetness dwell,
Blent with a soft unconsciousness,
  To man the fondest spell.

And freely now her hand in his
  She lays — a wedded wife,
And cheerfully the promise gives
  To be his own for life.

Oh sweetly hath he deck'd her bower,
  And gorgeously her halls;
Here treads her foot on springing buds,
  And there on velvet falls.

The massy curtain's graceful flow,
  The vase — the painting warm,
Those household echoes — mirrors bright,
  Revealing her light form, —

Exotics that perfume the air
With odors sweet and strange,
And shells that far in distant climes
Mid ocean-wonders range, —

With countless gifts of taste and art
In classic beauty rife,
Are laid upon affection's shrine
Before that youthful wife.

The ocean deep, the circling air,
The earth for her is sought,
And ere she breathes a prayer or wish,
Possession follows thought.

Nor scarcely on her silken cheek
May glance the summer ray;
And costly furs enfold her form
When winter holds his sway.

Why should he toil at early morn,
And freight the frequent sail,
While still, unsated, gathering night
Finds him with vigil pale?

Alas! each day subtracts some tint
From home's delicious bloom.
How soon neglect destroys that plant
Of delicate perfume!

And lonely walks she in her bower,
And lonely in her hall,
And thinks one day-caress from him
Were fairly worth them all.

She pauses at the mirror now,
Still speaks its flattering tone —
But with a sigh she droops her head,
And feels herself *alone.*

Her fingers on the ivory keys
Run on in listless play, —
"What care I for the foolish song?"
She asks, and turns away.

Yet still he labors. — When within
The whirlpool stream of *gain,*
Man strives to reach the table-land
Of calm content in vain.

Amid his leger's crowded leaves
Once thought he but of her,
Alas! for mammon now he toils,
His hourly worshipper.

The silent meal — the hurried walk,
The news conn'd o'er and o'er,
Betray a mind that beats to home's
Fresh sympathies no more.

And when he hears the fretful word,
Or sees the struggling tear,
He looks around his rich abode,
And asks, "What want is here?"

Who does not know that one kind tone
Is more to woman's heart,
Than all the gauds of wealth and power,
Mere riches can impart?

Yet often to some wild abyss
The coursing streamlet tends,
And mid the rays of gorgeous clouds
The lightning's flash descends.

One morn the Merchant told his gains —
In conscious wealth he trod ;
The next he stood a beggar'd man,
Nor own'd his burial sod.

Dizzy he turn'd, and as a ship,
Its guiding rudder lost,
Drifts on the sea, so wandered he,
By rushing eddies tost.

And where is Julia, where the flower
So delicately bred,
When this rough storm of fortune's gale
Came bursting on her head?

Strangers were seen in those gay halls,
And idle loungers there
In careless wonder, curious gaz'd
On objects loved and rare.

The auctioneer rang out his jest,
The hammer's stroke was heard,
And laugh on laugh went grating round
As fell each idle word;

The mirrors which had multiplied
So oft her loveliness,
The vases which with clustering flowers
Her hands had joyed to dress, —

Books, which her jewelled fingers turned
With gay or studious eye,
Sofas where oft luxuriously
Her form was wont to lie, —

Sweet monuments of taste and love
All broke like ocean's foam —
She turned in sorrow from the spot
To seek another home.

PART SECOND.

Who sits beside yon cozy fire,
A babe upon her knee?
And who is clasping that sweet pair
Fondly and cheerfully?

The space is small, but there is room
For Rover at their feet,
The tea-urn gives its hissing sound,
The bread is white and sweet.

Methinks I've seen that full clear eye
Less brilliant in its beams,
And that elastic, graceful step,
Graver than now it seems.

List to that laugh of heartfelt mirth,
List to that tender word,
And see the frequent chaste caress
From sympathy new-stirr'd!

Oh, Julia, in misfortune's scale
Thy worth has well been tried,
And thou art happy, for thy lord
Is happy at thy side.

Awakened from his worldly dream,
Absorbing, selfish, vain,
He finds the path to happiness
Lies not in ceaseless gain.

In unaspiring *competence*
He seeks the golden mean,
Contented in life's calmer fields
His needful wants to glean.

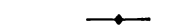
And Julia walks in dignity,
A heaven-relying mind
Enkindling up a latent power,
Scarcely before defined.

More beautiful the Merchant's bride
Thus school'd to self-control,
Than when light winds of pleasure flew
Across her passive soul.

O who shall call adversity
A dark and cheerless night,
When on her brow such stars appear
Of calm and lovely light?

1837.

THE GAMESTER.



They came before the altar in their love,
"And both were young, and one was beautiful."
He stood in strength, and she in trustingness.
The dark curls, flung from off his open brow,
Revealed its Jove-like fullness, while her hair
With free and floating tresses, veil'd the cheek
That blush'd and paled in beautiful surprise,
As the strong waves of hope and memory,
With struggling current, mov'd her depth of heart.
Firm was his step, like one whose soul is nerv'd
For combat with the world; a rock for life's
Rough waves to dash on; while her airy tread
"Scarce from the heath-flower dash'd the morning dew."
They sought their fair and solitary home;—
Fit residence! The silent trees stood round,
Nor mock'd young love's first tenderness. Spring flowers
Look'd up and smil'd; and happy birds trill'd out
The epithalamium chaunt. It was the heart's
Fresh holiday.

A rolling year went by,
" When on their eyes a new existence smil'd,"
And Agnes clasp'd a babe, a living boy,
To her young throbbing breast, and Winton press'd
His lips, with thoughts that man but *once* can know,
Upon his first-born's brow. O was not this
Earth's Paradise? Alas, that in its path
A serpent should arise with specious wile!
A change come o'er that scene of quiet bliss,
And Agnes' soft caress and the boy's smile
Fell cold on Winton's heart; he stray'd from home;
His brow grew pale, abstracted, and dark words
Broke muttering through his sleep. Rumor awoke
Whispering of guilty haunts, and rumor grew
To dreadful certainty.
One night, among
The reckless band that seek the gamester's hall,
Frantic, young Winton stood, a ruin'd man.
With staggering step, clench'd hands and fiery eyes
He wildly raved; then, crush'd and impotent,
As thoughts of home and Agnes cross'd his mind,
Lean'd his hot, aching brow, upon his hand.
Ha! is it so? A mirror to his eye
Discloses signs and looks, from one in view,
That speak of fraud and trickery! Winton sprang,

And with a bound fierce as a tiger's leap,
Levell'd a blow with word opprobrious.
The morning light rose coldly on his eyes!
That eve must stamp him murderer, or must lay
His senseless form within a hurried grave.
He call'd on one who long had lov'd and warn'd,
(Alas, how fruitlessly he lov'd and warn'd!)
To aid him in the coming scene of blood.
The good physician went. Strange courtesies
Pass'd round; the studied bow, the measur'd step,
And gravely busy air. Upon a mound
He sat, and mark'd the scene. There was the sky
Expanding its wide arms in love; the trees
Were whispering kindness; blossoms smilingly
Turn'd their soft leaves upon the passing breeze,
Which kiss'd them as it rov'd; — all, all but man
In harmony with heaven.
His heart was touch'd;
Thought with its busy tide came deep and strong;
Earth seem'd a speck, — eternity was all;
And on that mound arose his solemn vow,
That never, while the life-blood fill'd his veins,
And reason kept her throne, would he by thought,
Or word, or deed, or presence, sanction give
To the duello's dark and murderous rite.

Fierce was the cry for blood; the signal pass'd;
Life gush'd, and Winton was a murderer.
Rapid his fate; the stone that from the height
Of some far mountain dashes to the earth,
Falls not more certainly than he, who seeks
The downward progress of the gamester's way.

* * * * *

Whose is that spectral form, that by the light
Of new-born day seeks the cold casement's air,
And strains her sight with yet a lingering hope
Her lov'd one may return? For he is lov'd,
As woman still will love through slight and shame.
'T is Agnes, sad and chill; the bright rose gone
That deck'd her cheek; the elastic step subdued,
Her soft eye dim with tears, that fall in showers
Upon her sleeping boy.
He comes, but how?
The intended victim of self-murder. Pale
And weak he lies, by menial arms upborne,
And Agnes kneels beside him, bathes his brow
With her soft hands, calls fondly on his name
In tones as soft as when, a blushing girl,
She dared to breathe it only to the winds.
She, the high-born, the beautiful, the good,
For him prays fondly. She is heard. He lives.

Lives? What is life? Is it to breathe earth's air,
To tread its soil, to eat, to drink, to sleep?
This is not *life*. The man that knows but this,
Had better sink in dust, in dark oblivion.
He only lives whose soul is blent with heaven,
Like dew that falls at night to rise at morn.
The Gamester liv'd; reviv'd, on Agnes' brow
To stamp deep furrows; sear her gentle heart
With unheal'd wounds, and fill his cup of sin
With the deep scandal of a felon's crime.
He died — a hiss of scorn and infamy
Went up upon his grave, his boy unlearn'd
The name of father, and his drooping wife,
With downcast eyes, went sorrowing to the tomb.

A BALLAD.

PART FIRST.

THE PLANTATION.

FAREWELL, awhile, the city's hum,
Where busy footsteps fall,
And welcome to my weary eye,
The Planter's friendly Hall.

Here let me rise at early dawn,
And list the mock-bird's lay,
That warbling near our lowland home,
Sits on the waving spray.

Then tread the shading avenue,
Beneath the cedar's gloom,
Or gum tree with its flicker'd shade,
Or chinquapen's perfume.

The myrtle tree, the orange wild,
The cypress' flexile bough,
The holly with its polished leaves,
Are all before me now.

There, towering with imperial pride,
The rich magnolia stands,
And here, in softer loveliness,
The white bloom'd bay expands.

The long gray moss hangs gracefully,
Idly I twine its wreaths,
Or stop to catch the fragrant air,
The frequent blossom breathes.

Life wakes around — the red bird darts
Like flame from tree to tree;
The whip-poor-will complains alone,
The robin whistles free.

The frighten'd hare scuds by my path,
And seeks the thicket nigh;
The squirrel climbs the hickory bough,
Thence peeps with careful eye.

The humming-bird with busy wing
In rainbow beauty moves,
Above the trumpet-blossom floats,
And sips the tube he loves.

Triumphant to yon wither'd pine,
The soaring eagle flies,
There builds her eyrie mid the clouds,
And man and heaven defies.

The hunter's bugle echoes near,
And see, his weary train
With mingled howlings scent the woods,
Or scour the open plain.

Yon skiff is darting from the cove,
And list the negro's song,
The theme, his owner and his boat,
While glide the crew along.

And when the leading voice is lost,
Receding from the shore,
His brother boatmen swell the strain,
In chorus with the oar.

There stands the dairy on the stream,
  Within the broad oak's shade,
The white pails glitter in the sun,
  In rustic pomp array'd.

And she stands smiling at the door,
  Who " minds " that *milky way*,
She smoothes her apron as I pass,
  And loves the praise I pay.

Welcome to me her sable hands,
  When, in the noontide heat,
Within the polish'd calibash,
  She pours the pearly treat.

The poulterer's feather'd, tender charge,
  Feed on the grassy plain ;
Her Afric brow lights up with smiles,
  Proud of her noisy train.

Nor does the herdman view his flock,
  With unadmiring gaze,
Significant are all their names,
  Won by their varying ways.

Forth from the negroes' humble huts
The laborers now have gone;
But some remain, diseas'd and old —
Do they repine alone?

Ah, no. The nurse, with practis'd skill,
That sometimes shames the wise,
Prepares the herb of potent power,
And healing aid applies.

On sunny banks the children play,
Or wind the fisher's line,
Or, with the dext'rous fancy-braid,
The willow baskets twine.

Long ere the sloping sun departs,
The laborers quit the field,
And hous'd within their sheltering huts,
To careless quiet yield.

But see yon wild and lurid clouds,
That rush in contact strong,
And hear the thunder, peal on peal,
Reverberate along.

The cattle stand and mutely gaze,
The birds instinctive fly,
While forked flashes rend the air,
And light the troubled sky.

Behold yon sturdy forest pine,
Whose green top points to heaven,
A flash! its firm, encasing bark,
By that red shock is riven.

But we, the children of the South,
Shrink not with trembling fears;
The storm familiar to our youth,
Will spare our ripen'd years.

We know its fresh, reviving charm,
And, like the flower and bird,
Our looks and voices, in each pause,
With grateful joy are stirr'd.

And now the tender rice upshoots,
Fresh in its hue of green,
Spreading its emerald carpet far,
Beneath the sunny sheen;

Tho' when the softer ripen'd hue
Of autumn's changes rise,
The rustling spires instinctive lift .
Their gold seeds to the skies.

There the young cotton plant unfolds
Its leaves of sickly hue,
But soon advancing to its growth,
Looks up with beauty too.

And, as midsummer suns prevail,
Upon its blossoms, glow
Commingling hues, like sunset rays —
Then bursts its sheeted snow.

How shall we fly this lovely spot,
Where rural joys prevail,
The social board, the eager chase,
Gay dance and merry tale ?

Alas! our youth must leave their sports,
When spring-time ushers May ;
Our maidens quit the planted flower,
Just blushing into day.

Or, all beneath yon rural mound,
Where rest th' ancestral dead,
By mourning friends, with sever'd hearts,
Unconscious will be led.

O, Southern summer, false and fair!
Why, from thy loaded wing,
Blent with rich flowers and fruitage rare,
The seeds of sorrow fling?

PART SECOND.

THE OVERSEER'S CHILDREN.

Three fleeting years have come and gone,
Since Ann Pomroy I met,
Returning from the district school,
Ere yet the sun was set.

With her, her brother Francis stray'd,
And, both in merry tone,
Were saying all the rambling things,
Youth loves when tasks are done.

The mountain tinge was on their cheeks;
From far Vermont they came,
For wandering habits led their sire
A southern home to claim.

Fresh with the airy spring of youth,
They tripp'd the woods along,
Now darting off to cull a flower,
Now bursting into song.

O, Ann Pomroy, thy sparkling eye
Methinks I often see,
When some young face, in loveliness,
Beams up in smiles to me.

And when light sounds of boyish mirth
Laugh out uncheck'd by fear,
It seems to me, that Francis' voice
Is floating on my ear.

I said the hue of health they bore, —
Her's was the nect'rine fair,
And his the deep pomegranate tinge,
That boys of beauty wear.

They walk'd at early morn and eve,
And as I yearly paid
My visit to the Planter's Hall,
I saw the youth and maid.

At first, by simple accident,
I came upon their walk;
But soon I lov'd to pause and seek
The privilege of talk —

Until my steps were daily turn'd,
But how I scarce can say,
When Ann and Francis came from school,
To meet them on the way.

They told me of New-England hills,
Of orchards in the sun,
Of sleigh-rides with the merry bells,
Of skating's stirring fun;

And sometimes of a grave they spake,
And then would sadder grow,
In which a gentle mother slept,
Beneath the wintry snow.

* * * *

When April's changing face was seen,
  Again from town I flew,
To where the sleep of nature wakes
  To sights and odors new.

All things were fair — the plants of earth
  Look'd upward to the sky,
And the blue heaven o'erarch'd them still
  With clear and glittering eye.

I sought the walk I us'd to seek,
  And took the little store
Of toys, that from the city's mart
  For Ann and Frank I bore.

A rustling in the leaves I heard,
  But Francis *only* came,
His eye was dim, his cheek was pale,
  And agues shook his frame.

He saw me — to my open arms
  With sudden gladness sprang;
Then raised a thrilling cry of grief
  With which the forest rang.

Few words he spake, but led me on
To where a grave-like mound,
With young spring plants and evergreens,
In rural taste was crown'd.

And there he stood, while gushing tears
Like summer rain-drops came,
And heavings, as a troubled sea,
Went o'er his blighted frame.

I did not ask him *who* was there,
I felt that Ann was gone,
Around his drooping neck I hung,
And stood like him forlorn.

* * * *

"I soon shall die," the mourner said,
"Here will they make my grave,
And over me the cedar trees
And moaning pines will wave.

"None — then will come to tend the flowers,
That blossom o'er her bed;
None sing for her the twilight dirge
When I am with the dead.

"I cannot join the school-boy sports,
My head and heart are sad;
When Ann is in the silent grave,
O, how can I be glad?

"And when I say my studied tasks,
Or gained the once loved prize,
I weep and softly pray to Heaven,
To lay me where she lies."

I kissed his pale and suffering brow,
By early sorrows riven;
I talk'd to him of her he lov'd,
And raised his thoughts to Heaven.

And when the call of duty came,
To take me from his side,
He told me with a sickly smile,
"'T was best that Ann had died."

Another annual season roll'd
Its cares and joys along —
Again I sought the country's charms,
Deep woods, and caroll'd song.

And there I found two silent graves,
  Amid the vernal bloom —
I ne'er shall see those forms again,
  Till Heaven unseals the tomb.

O, Southern summer, false and fair,
  Why, on thy loaded wing,
Blent with rich flowers and fruitage rare,
  The seeds of sorrow bring?

A NEW-ENGLAND BALLAD.

[An incident, as early in the settlement of New-England as 1630, has been faithfully followed in the subjoined verses, which are written with the hope of drawing the attention of juvenile readers to that interesting era in our national history.]

A BOAT was bound from Shawmut* Bay
To Plymouth's stormy shore,
And on her rough and fragile hull
Five daring men she bore.

With them would Mary Guerard go
In cold December's time,
Though delicate and gently bred,
For such a rugged clime.

"Dear father, do not part from me,"
Entreatingly she cried,
"But when you seek the troubled sea,
Retain me by your side.

* Boston.

"My youthful spirits mount in joy
Upon my bosom's throne,
And I can brave the storms with *you*,
But I shall weep *alone*."

They launch their shallop on the bay,
And give her to the breeze,
While Mary cheers her father's heart
Upon the sparkling seas.

How sweetly on that savage coast
Her maiden laughter rung!
How doatingly on that fair face
The busy oars-men hung!

But tempests rose, and mid the rocks
Their leaky boat was thrown;
A bed of ice form'd under them —
Their ocean path unknown.

Those five stout hearts with chasten'd looks
Await their mournful doom,
And Mary, Shawmut's gentle flower,
Expects a frozen tomb.

And now that group of pilgrim souls
" Dispose themselves to die; " *
How bless'd were they in that dread hour
To put their trust on high.

But near a lone and surgy cape, †
Land! land! an oarsman spied —
With effort strong they clear the skiff,
And catch the favoring tide;

And hoisting up their stiffen'd sail,
The dangerous way explore,
Till chill, and faint, with sinking hearts,
They reach the houseless shore.

Along the glaz'd and crackling ice
They move in agony,
When starting forward on their track,
The group two red men see,

Who, with the warmth of untaught hearts,
Their generous help prepare,
Cover, and feed, and nourish them,
With hospitable care.

---

* Massachusetts Colony Records. † Cape Cod.

But cold had struck the chill of death
On Guerard's manly frame;
Fainter and fainter grew the breath
Which sigh'd his Mary's name.

And she, that lone and lovely one,
Sank like a shooting star,
That springing out from all its kin,
Falls scatter'd from afar:

Yet gather'd strength o'er that rough bed
On which her father lay,
And on her fair breast laid his head,
And bent her own to pray;

And not until his failing sigh
Had bless'd her to the last,
Down by his side in anguish lay,
And clasp'd his body fast,

And shriek'd, in tones of piercing woe,
"Return, return to me,
Leave, leave me not in sorrow here,
Or let me die with thee!"

Solemn and stern the Indians stood,
While death was passing by,
But when his parting wing was flown,
Loud rose their funeral cry.

They laid the body carefully,
Like a brother whom they lov'd;
The sandy soil, a frozen mass,
A scanty covering prov'd.

The wolves came howling for their dead,
And then those Indians wild,
As if by tender instinct led
For his deserted child,

Rais'd o'er the grave a noble pile
Of trees securely bound,
Which kept the hungry fiends away
Mid solitude profound.

All died but one of that strong band
Who steer'd from Shawmut bay,
And her, the young and gentle maid,
The blossom on their way.

The Indians bore her to her home,
Where, like a stricken flower
When winter winds have passed away,
She grac'd her native bower.

But often in her after years,
She thought of that lone grave,
Where ocean's breezes moan'd and sigh'd,
And dash'd the gather'd wave;

And bless'd the red men of the soil,
Who gave her succor there,
And sought for them with deeds of love,
And ask'd for them in prayer.

1830.

FRANCISCO DE RIBALTA,

THE SPANISH ARTIST.

A BALLAD.

A GATHERING spot glowed burningly
On young Ribalta's brow,
As he stood on fair Valencia's plain,
And breathed a parting vow.

For neither fame nor wealth had he,
Yet sweetly on him smiled
The young and lovely Isabel,
His master's only child.

"Farewell, farewell! my Isabel,
Mine, though I wander far,—
My love shall still shine over thee,
Like yonder distant star.

"I feel within my restless soul
The power to toil and die,
Or fix upon the scroll of fame
My name in letters high.

"And, dearest, I will come again,
Though he may now deride,
And in thy father's presence claim
My own, my gentle bride.

"He spurned me; but the goading word
To thee alone I tell; —
He said, '*a dauber*' ne'er should wed
His peerless Isabel."

She spake not, but her beaming eye
Looked eloquently kind,
And her young fingers in his own
Were trustingly entwined.

One single, solitary tear,
Came trickling down the while;
He kissed the falling gem away, —
'T was followed by a smile.

And not until his waving plume
Had parted from her sight,
Seemed she to feel the cloudiness
Upon her hope's young light.

O, what a wild and piercing gaze
Is that we throw upon
The sacred spot where one has stood
Who loved us, and is gone!

And what a sigh upheaves the soul
When stranger forms pass by,
And with their dark, ungenial shade,
Unspell the memory!

Ribalta, 'neath Italia's skies,
Pursued the path to fame;
Untired, he followed where it led,
With thoughts and hopes of flame.

He watch'd the day-dawn's earliest ray,
To urge his pictured toil;
And bent with strained and doubtful eye
Beneath the midnight oil.

And when upon his growing work
His kindling glances fell,
A gush of joy came o'er his heart,
That spake of Isabel.

Three circling years his gentle love
Hushed up her widowed soul;
And if a sigh escaped her heart,
Hope through the current stole.

At length he came in manly truth;
He heard her whispered tone,
Her eyebeam sank into his soul,
And she was still his own.

Soon to her father's vacant room
They passed with stealthy tread;
There, on an easel temptingly,
A noble sketch was spread.

Eager, Ribalta seized the brush,
And wrought as life were there,
The picture grew, and every stroke
Stood out with colors rare.

And Isabel looked breathless on,
With eyes and hands upraised,
And large drops beaded on his brow,
As thus she stood and gazed.

'T is done; — and now a coming step,
Her father's step is heard;
Ribalta, shrinking from his sight,
Stifles the whispered word.

The Master starts — so beautiful
The new creation shone, —
The color, shade, expression too,
More lovely than his own.

"Why girl, there's magic in this touch,"
The enraptured painter cried,
"And only he who wrought this work,
Deserves thee for his bride."

A moment — and Ribalta's arm
Encircled that fair maid;
While at her father's knee they knelt,
And for his blessing prayed.

1834.

MARY LEE.

I WANDER'D forth at closing day,
To breathe the evening air;
Not yet was dropp'd the curtain gray,
Which hides the flowerets fair.

They blush'd in beauty 'neath my tread,
And all their rich perfume
Around in generous fragrance shed,
Unwitting of their doom.

I could not choose but bid my eye,
In simple gladness, rest
Upon the gorgeous drapery,
That lined the lovely west.

And fain was I to hear the note
The black-bird gaily sung,
As on the air it seem'd to float,
And o'er my heart-strings rung.

I reach'd the brook and mossy stone,
Where, lingering still for me,
Was wont to sit till twilight lone,
My little Mary Lee.

Her knitting in her merry way,
Would Mary hold on high,
And all the progress of the day,
Upon my fingers try.

She was not there — not richly now
To me the sunset beam'd;
The black-bird caroll'd on the bough,
But not for me it seem'd.

More bright than these was Mary's look,
When yesterday it shone,
More sweet her voice, when o'er the brook,
She sent its joyous tone.

I hasten'd onward to the cot,
Where Mary's mother dwelt, —
Why seem'd it such a lonely spot?
I never thus had felt.

The woodbine now as gracefully
Around the porch was hung,
The little gate with motion free
As hospitably swung.

I paused a moment — and a groan
Fell deeply on my ear;
I enter'd, it was Mary's moan,
She knew not I was near.

She knelt beside her mother's bed,
Her head was resting there;
The mother's struggling breath had fled,
Her daughter knelt in prayer.

And tears came gushing on her cheek,
And sobs convuls'd her frame,
I heard the little sufferer speak,
It was her mother's name.

Come to my arms, poor child, I cried,
Come hither, Mary Lee,
God has been lavish to my pride,
I'll share his gifts with thee.

She lean'd her pale cheek on my breast,
I press'd her to my heart,
And from that sacred place of rest,
No more shall she depart.

1826.

THE CROW-MINDER OF THE SOUTH.

ALONE, amid the far spread field he stands,
Heaven's arch above, an amphitheatre
Of woods around. Wide his domain, and fair;
But no companionship hath he, for he
Must scare the very birds away, whose notes
Are meet for company.
The mocking-bird,
Herald or partner of his walk, must leave
Him here; nor shall he list again its cadence,
Till, warbling near his lowly hut, the bird
Pours forth orchestral tones ambitiously,
At midnight hour, upon his drowsy ear.
The lizard, creeping on the blighted tree,
The lazy worm, unearthing its slow volume,
The ant, which builds its sandy monument,
The butterfly, a passing traveller,
And e'en the snake, that shines in motlied hues,

Or frog, retreating from the burning sand,
Or shining beetle, will he welcome now.
Few are his cares, nor irksome his employ;
Just far enough remov'd to watch his prey,
His bird-trap tempting lies — the oriole there,
The goldfinch, waxbird, and like forms of grace,
He snares, to gain a trifle for the prize.
The prison of the finny race, he weaves;
Or, on his basket's growing plaits he toils,
Counts o'er his gains, and whistles out his joy.
The forest trees, that stand like sentinels,
Send out a murmur pleasant to the ear.
The turtle dove, that seems to mourn, but whose
Low tone is whisper'd tenderness, is there.
From thence the venturous ground-pigeon comes,
And with a little band of feathered friends,
Steals cautious to the rice-field's tempting range,
When, faithful to his charge, the "minder" shouts,
With arms uprais'd, and frighted they retire.
There the blue jay, the "feather'd harlequin,"
Trims his rich crest, and pipes his mimic song;
While, hidden mid damp brakes, the cuckoo's note
With harsh monotony assails the ear.
There the woodpecker, busy epicure,
Bores with his beak the insect's barky home,

Affrights them with his feign'd but startling cry,
Then coolly riots with his darting tongue,
And taps at intervals the hollow tree.
But the field-minder, idly busy, heeds
Nor knows the sounds sweet to the poet's ear;
Tho', when the crow's coarse note is nearer heard,
And his dark form wheels o'er the sunny field,
Or varied pilferers, glide with stealthy wing,
In softer guise, to rob the planter's toil,
Then lifts he high again his warning voice,
And waves his tawny arms, and beats the air,
While the foil'd plunderers turn in circling flight,
And seek the forest's screening shades again.
What are his thoughts, that lone one, as the sun
O'ertops the pines, and wakes the woods to joy?
What are his thoughts, when thro' the long, long blaze
Of summer's noon, he sits in solitude?
Right glad is he, when the dark laborer comes,
With hoe upon his arm — his task well done,
And gives a passing greeting to the boy.
Full glad to see the mastiff from the chase
Run with his whining welcome; and willingly,
With passing negro, or with truant dog,
Shares the plain food, cook'd near his blighted tree.
Think not the boy is vacant in his mood;

He muses on relationship, and friends;
He plans the evening game, the Sabbath prayer,
He learns from nature's volumes lessons true,
Foretells the storm, the harvest too — and things
That 'scape the world's philosophy, he knows.
There, *more* than in the city's jostling throng,
He feels a present Deity. The moon,
Flooding his homeward track with gentle rays,
Looks in his bosom on a sky-bound soul;
And the far stars, those light-houses of heaven,
Tell him of hopes, beyond their glittering sheen.

1830.

ANNIE IN THE GRAVE-YARD.

SHE bounded o'er the graves,
With a buoyant step of mirth;
She bounded o'er the graves,
Where the weeping willow waves,
Like a creature not of earth.

Her hair was blown aside,
And her eyes were glittering bright;
Her hair was blown aside,
And her little hands spread wide,
With an innocent delight.

She spelt the lettered word,
That registers the dead;
She spelt the lettered word,
And her busy thoughts were stirred,
With pleasure as she read.

She stopped and culled a leaf,
Left fluttering on a rose;
She stopped and culled a leaf,
Sweet monument of grief,
That in our church-yard grows.

She culled it with a smile,
'T was near her sister's mound;
She culled it with a smile,
And played with it awhile,
Then scattered it around.

I did not chill her heart,
Nor turn its gush to tears;
I did not chill her heart—
O, bitter drops will start,
Full soon in coming years.

1830.

THE WARRIOR.

O, WELCOME the Warrior, who proudly advances,
Victorious from battle, a lord o'er the foe!
As the sun o'er a darken'd creation he glances,
For the strong and the valiant his arm has laid low.

O! haste to the Warrior, with a bright laurel grace him,
For the mighty are vanquished — the timid have fled;
As a chief of the earth, as a saviour, address him,
And let halos of honor encircle his head.

He has braved as a rock the wild force of the battle,
And foes from his side fell like showery foam;
Around him has sounded war's deafening rattle,
But he stood in the storm like the sky threatening dome.

Men, raise your deep voices in praise of his glory!
And women, in reverence bow at his name;
Infants in lispings reëcho the story,
And matrons, swell loudly the trump of his fame!

His praise shall extend over land and wide ocean,
Where princes will listen in wonder and joy;
'T will float to far ages and kindle devotion,
And children—like men—seize the sword to destroy.

Already your shout heaven's concave is rending,
And the Hero's great name is repeated around;
But hark! as I listen, a wild shriek is blending!
Another, another, increases the sound.

Oh, Heaven! the moans of the wounded and dying
Are blent with the plaudits that swell in the air;
Wife, children, and friends, mid the tumult are crying,
"Death, death to the conqueror who gives us despair!"

I listen, and fancy assists the faint mourning,
Of an infant, whose parents are torn from the world;
Again, but now hoarser the sound is returning,
A sinner's dark soul from its mansion is hurl'd!

And is it for this, that the laurel is given,
When man turns a murderer and foe to his kind?
For this does the shout of applause assail Heaven
From creatures for rational virtue designed?

Blush, Warrior, blush! while thou fanciest before thee
The beings whose happiness thou hast o'erthrown; —
Who, frantic with want and affliction, implore thee
To soothe the crushèd hearts left to perish alone.

Hear fatherless infants with feeble wail crying,
While mothers stand shuddering and pale at thy name!
See groups from that red field in misery flying,
Who curse at thy praises, or weep at thy fame!

And what *is* the glory resplendent around thee?
A glittering meteor that fades in its blaze, —
Light perishing foam, whose bright sparkles surroun
thee,
Then dash on the shore, and disperse at thy gaze!

CAMBRIDGE, MASS. 1812.

THE YOUNGEST ONE.

I saw a mother with her child,
And each with each appeared beguiled;
So tenderly they spake and smiled,
I knew it was her *youngest one.*

She leaned upon her mother's knee,
With look half tender and half free,
And O, by that sweet liberty,
I knew it was her *youngest one.*

A whisper came with love o'erfraught;
Soon was returned the whispered thought,
As though in this wide world were nought
But she, and her dear *youngest one.*

"Mother," she said, "you must not go,
And leave your little girl, you know,
Because no other loves you so,
Like me, your darling *youngest one.*

"Father is often called away,
And sisters with their playmates stray,
But I beside you always stay, —
You must not leave your *youngest one.*"

I heard a promise and a kiss,
I saw a smile of trusting bliss,
O, nought can sever, after this,
The mother and her *youngest one.*

1829.

"BEYOND THE SABBATH."

The Backwoodsmen of North America, when they throw off the forms of society, and retreat into the forests, say, they will "fly beyond Sabbath."—FLINT'S *Valley of the Mississippi.*

[The record-tree alluded to in the following stanzas, refers to the custom of some settlers, who preserve the date of time by marking the seventh day.]

THE BACKWOODSMAN.

HE flies!
He seeks the moaning forest trees,
The sunny prairie, or the mountain sweep,
The swelling river rushes to the seas,
The cataract, foaming 'neath the dizzy steep,
Or softer streams, that by the green banks sleep,
To these he flies.

He lists
The crackling of the springing deer,
The shrill cry of the soaring water-fowl,
The serpent hissing at his lone couch near,
The wild bear uttering loud her hungry howl,
The panther with his low expecting growl,
Unmov'd he lists.

Wanderer,
" Beyond the Sabbath," tell me why,
With eager step you shun the haunts of men,
And from the music of the church bells fly,
That floating sweetly o'er your native glen,
Call you to worship by their chime again?
Say, wanderer, why?

You know,
You feel, beneath the woodland skies,
When comes the *seventh* day of sacred rest,
Deep wells of fond remembrance struggling rise,
Within the caverns of your rocky breast —
A gush of thought, like visions of the blest,
At times you know.

And you
Will turn, and mark the record-tree
In stealthy silence, and a gentle prayer
Unconsciously will struggle to get free,
And you will feel there is a purer air,
More holy stillness over nature fair,
Which softens you.

How sweet
The strain of skyey minstrelsy,
That floats above you in the wild bird's song!
Seems it to you, the hymn of infancy,
Borne on the breezes of remembrance long,
When you were foremost in the Sabbath throng!
Those strains were sweet!

Such tones
Are swelling *yet* in many a spot,
Sacredly twining out with praise and joy;
And there's a group, Oh, they forget you not,
Who prayers and tears for you, for you employ,
And hopes, that even time cannot destroy,
Are in their tones.

They call,
They call you, rover, back again!
There is a mound beneath your village spire,
Where, touch'd by love, your tears would fall like rain;
It shields a holy man, your aged sire,
Who sought in *life* to curb your youthful fire,
Hear his *death* call!

In vain;—
Alas, you heed not e'en *that* call;
Proudly you stand upon the red man's ground,
And woman's tears, that slow and silent fall,
Slighted, from your resolved breast rebound,
Your free words thro' the woodland depths resound,
"Her call is vain!"

Farewell,
Forever, roamer of the wild!
God, whom you can forget, his own will see;
His sun still shines upon his erring child,
His breezes fan you, with their current free,
And his green sod your burial place shall be.
Oh, fare you well!

1835.

THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER.

A BALLAD.

SAFE rolls the ship at anchor now,
The sailor clears his anxious brow,
And with a deep, but silent vow,
Blesses his little daughter!

His duty far has bid him roam,
Amid the dash of ocean's foam,
But welcome now the sailor's home,
And she, his little daughter!

Her velvet arm is o'er him thrown,
Her words breathe forth in gladsome tone,
He feels that she is all his own,
The seaman's little daughter!

"Father, you shall not quit your child,
And go upon the seas so wild,
For scarcely has my mother smil'd,
Upon her little daughter!

"I care not for the coral gay,
Nor costly shells, when you 're away;
Dear father, with my mother stay,
And smile upon your daughter!

"We hear the fierce winds rushing by,
And then my mother heaves a sigh,
And when it storms, we sit and cry,
My mother and your daughter!"

Her head upon his shoulder lay,
He smooth'd her silken ringlets' play;
She fell asleep in that sweet way,
The seaman's little daughter.

1834.

ISAAC HAYNE,

OR

THE PATRIOT MARTYR OF CAROLINA.

AN HISTORICAL DRAMATIC SKETCH.

Time, August, 1781, while Charleston was in possession of the British.

[The incidents are gathered from Ramsay's History, Garden's Anecdotes, Lee's Memoirs, and the Southern Review.]

A STREET.

Enter an American citizen. Speaks.—

TERRIFIC war! how heavy are thy chains.
Bright though thou art to infancy, which sees
In nodding plume and keenly burnish'd sword,
But gaudy toys; — bright to the daring youth,
Whose ear excited finds discourse most rare
In trumpet note, artillery's deaf'ning roar,
And measured foot-fall; — bright to maiden glance,

That in Love's eye, reads bravery, honor, fame; —
And bright to manhood, that forever pants
For deeds emblazoned on thy bloody page;
Still thou art dark to him, whose fettered *arm*
Makes impotent his *will;* and whose frail life
Hangs on the fiat of a mortal's word.

[*Enter second Citizen.*

Hast heard the fate of Hayne within this hour?
Still doth the tyrant Commandant deny
The trial e'en to malefactors given?

SECOND CITIZEN.

He does: war's summary decree prevails:
He dies to-morrow.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Heaven! what savage haste!
Hayne! Hayne! for thee, America will weep
Stern tears, but soon shall Britain pay them back
In *drops of blood!*

SECOND CITIZEN.

Speak low, apart here. Hist!

[*They retire.*

A GARDEN. TWO AMERICAN LADIES.

FIRST LADY.

Hayne sentenced to an ignominious death?
Would that this arm could wield a warrior's blade!
America wants men, when such things are.

SECOND LADY.

Be calm, dear sister! this insensate war
Respects not woman's helplessness, nor leaves
Our shrinking sex from brutal wrong secure:
Oh! then, provoke it not, for even now
My soul doth shudder at the fate, o'er which
The future hangs its mantle.

FIRST LADY.

I *could* weep,
But my hot cheeks would drink the gushing tears; —
I'll not be still, — the echoes shall awake,
And answer "murder" to this deed! — I would
I were the night-mare on Lord Rawdon's breast,
To crouch in dreams and scream there, ***Murder! Murder!***
What! Hayne, the soul of chivalry and truth,
Hayne, sentenced to the scaffold! while mean forms
Bask in life's sunshine, or go gliding down
To peaceful graves? It may not, shall not be! —

SECOND LADY.

Thy spirit frights me, Helen. Sure 't is not
For woman thus to judge of soldier-deeds.
Soft as these flowers, which silent ope around,
Yielding sweet perfume to the gentle breeze,
Woman should live, and distant from earth's strife,
Look ever to the sky in loveliness.

FIRST LADY.

Loveliness, Anna, is a word for *peace*.
Stern deeds are beauty now. — Our land is rous'd,
And claims from woman's hand a nobler task,
Than thus to sit in summer bowers, and tune
The fairy lute or list the wild bird's song.
See'st thou yon clustering vine, whose trumpet flowers
Toss in luxurious clusters on the wind?
'T is beautiful, I own, and so is woman:
But Anna, those bright blossoms hide a power
Called *poison*, and perchance, to our soft sex
God gives like art to injure when she 's crush'd, —
But time is lost; before the set of sun,
Hundreds of names clustered in full appeal,
Will show stern Balfour and the tory Lord,
That "*rebel women*" * sometimes quit their bowers.

* South Carolina women gloried in this appellation. — *Garden's Anecdotes.*

STREET. AMERICAN CITIZENS.

FIRST CITIZEN.

A mournful stir runs through the city streets;
Men speak with lowering brows, in whispered tones,
And now an oath impatient, or a hand
Clinch'd suddenly, shows public mood. — What news?

SECOND CITIZEN.

A respite for a few brief hours is given,
That Hayne may bless his children ere he dies.
All has been urged, that pity, love, respect,
Could urge, yet all in vain. — Our Governor,
Borne on a litter, faint and overtasked,
Humbly besought, in low but earnest speech,
Those callous men; but he appealed in vain!
Then came intrepid women from their homes,
Bearing petitions blotted with their tears;
I marked each faltering step and pleading gaze,
And graceful gesture, as they urg'd their suit:
Rawdon, with courtly air and polished phrase,
Received them, but denied their modest claim,
While Balfour mingled scorn with harsh repulse;
Till, blinded by their tears, they turned away,
Hope's slight raft lost amid grief's ocean-tide.

Scarce had *they* gone, when, clad in mourning robes,
With mourning hearts, still sadder suppliants came,
The prisoner's children, — no fond parents near
To aid. The eldest boy, with anxious brow,
Too early marked by care, advanced the first.
Upon his arm, despondingly leaned one,
Whom the strong ties of sisterhood and love
Link'd to his injured sire; and when he saw
Her pallid lip, and felt her shrinking form
Start at the glitter of the foeman's arms,
He braced himself anew, and proudly stood,
As if his boyhood felt the nerve and power
To guard her from a host of coming ills. —
Then came the girl, a creature sylph-like bright,
Yet with soft, liquid eyes, that drooped beneath
The falling lids; while sorrow's frost had blanched
Her rose-cheek colored by eleven springs.
In close embrace she clasp'd the hand of one,
A younger blossom, on whom nursery cares
Were yet employed, but who, not versed in *tears*,
Stood by his father's foes to plead with *smiles*.
They knelt, that touching group! and would have spoke,
But stifling grief denied them utterance,
And all that they could cry was, "Save my father!"
Once from the eldest boy these words were wrung,

"My mother's dead! Two children share her grave,
Take not my father too!" — but 't was too low
To reach his ear, and if it had, his heart
Was closed and ice-bound to the thrilling cry.
But when the stern denial was returned,
Which sealed his father's fate, the elder son
Look'd round with desperate glance, and clenched his hands,
While a quick shriek of agony burst forth
From those young mourners, and in wild despair
Reeling, they fell into each other's arms,
And thus were borne, in agony, away. [*A pause.*

FIRST CITIZEN.

A restless fever burns within my soul;
My daily tasks are hateful, and I turn
Instinctively to grasp my idle sword. [*They retire.*

*PROVOST PRISON.**

Hayne alone, walking calmly as if in meditation — listens as the bell strikes twelve.

HAYNE *speaks.*

St. Michael's chime! Oh what a throng of scenes
From day to day its signal ushers in.

* Now the Exchange.

The infant's welcome birth it heralds, or
The bridal hour, — while often floats its peal
In solemn requiems round the couch of death:
And like a requiem sounds it now to me,
For I am dying; death is felt by him
Who in the settled gloom of midnight, knows
To-morrow's shades must gather o'er his grave.
My wife, my buried one! on whose still couch
The planted flowers have scarcely oped in bloom;
And ye, fair buds of being, who did close
So soon your veined lids in death; — I come!
I come! — too thankful that this treacherous earth
O'er you has lost its power: — Ye rest secure!
Ye war not with the reveries, conjuring up
Dim, phantom forms, that in the midnight crowd
Too often round my pillow; nor the dreams
(Thank God! they are but dreams,) where faces peer
In madd'ning glee upon my spirit's eye:
Nor, worse than all, that looking for of death,
Untimely and degrading, where the soul
Leaves not the placid clay in quiet peace,
But all is struggling horror! —— Blessed ones!
Your bed is green, and there, through flickering leaves
The sun slants downward on the springing stems,
And moonlight slumbers gently on the dew.

Not by your grave the mob's coarse shout is heard,
But summer birds trill their sweet lays of joy.
The executioner, with death-bronzed look,
Frowns not upon that spot, but gushing tears
Drop tenderly from loving eyes. — 'T is well!
My children! would that I could thus be laid
Where, from the burnished oak, the hoary moss
Waves its grey banner to the passing breeze. —
Alas! my noble boys and orphan girl,
Who still contend with life's tumultuous waves,
My whole heart sickens and my head is faint
With thoughts of you, — left fatherless.
O God!
How tenderly would I have nursed their youth,
Reft of that blessed mother's fostering love,
Whose gentle eye is shrouded o'er by death,
Nor longer beams above their breathing sleep,
Shedding a constant sunlight over all.
Death had been soften'd, dear ones! could but I
Have lain my cheek to yours, and felt your hands
Press down my dying lids with filial care,
And borne a message of your love to her,
Who waits to greet her household in the skies.
And thou, my country! I had hoped to see
The star of conquest lighting up thy brow.

Yet 'neath the waves of woe upon my soul,
I feel an under-current of stern joy,
That I may die for thee. — Oh! many a hand
Now feeble, will be nerved with sudden strength
When the sad story of my wrongs is heard. —
Touch'd by my fate, the daughters of the South
Shall bend in mingled thought around my grave,
Aveng'd by brother-swords. New England's sons
Hearing the tale, and bracing up their souls
Shall rush upon the foe, fierce as the winds
Athwart their icy hills. Posterity
Will not unkindly dwell upon my name.
But, Heavenly Father! this is not the hour
To cling thus fervently to *earthly* things; —
Let these low clouds of thought, though colored up
With deathless hues of love and loyalty,
Roll off, and leave me with myself and Thee.

[*Meditates.*

EAST-BAY. TWO AMERICANS.

FIRST SOLDIER.

Noonday burns:
Bright sunshine, yet deep gloom is o'er the scene,
A shade like death. I could not join the crowd,
But wrapt in bitter musings, here remained.

And what a solemn hush! The zepyhr's breath
Scarce ruffles yonder vessel's snowy sail;
And the blue wave, with such a gentle plash
As summer rivers yield, kisses the bastion:
White clouds rest lightly on the upper deep,
The oars-man's stroke falls clearly, and behold!
The very winds disdain to lift on high
The British flag, on yonder distant tower.
Nature is still, but what a tempest wild
Rages in human hearts. I cannot breathe
This air, and the midsummer's sun is faint
To the hot fire that kindles up my soul.
O God! sustain him! 't is a fearful thing,
With perfect sense and strong corporeal power,
To quit this gladsome earth.

SECOND SOLDIER.

The town 's quite alone,
A few t' exult, but oh! far more to weep
Have joined the funeral throng. I could not bear
The spectacle. The image haunts me now
Of that dark prison scene.

FIRST SOLDIER.

When wert thou there?

SECOND SOLDIER.

Last evening, and my inmost heart retains
The vision still. A messenger I went,
And saw them all — the children and their sire.
And through my future life, on memory's height
That scene will stand, like some lone, broken column,
Sad, but most beautiful! Beside the door
At which I entered, stood a Hessian guard.
Alas! my country! do I live to tell
Of foreign hirelings, who thus lord it o'er thee?
A coffin was at hand, shrouded above
With sable pall, save where an open space
Display'd the garniture of white within.
I little marked the prison; but we know
War decks not oft, with niceties of show,
The grated chamber, where the sentenced lie,
Though downy pillows willing slaves have spread,
And busy love, with an untiring zeal,
Has ministered through life to each slight wish.
A thoughtful quiet sat upon his brow,
Varied at moments by some sudden gush
Of anguish from his friends, as the smooth lake,
When from a passing cloud the rain drops fall,
Breaking its stillness, chafes, but silently,
And then reflects all heaven in calm again.

Upon his knee nestled the youngest boy,
Who conscious seem'd of grief he thought to soothe
With pretty toying. — Double love was his. —
His fair twin-blossom had been laid asleep
In early death, within his mother's arms,
And shared her grave; therefore the father's voice
Grew tremulous, when he addressed the boy,
And therefore did he hide his face at times,
When nature was too strong, 'mid the child's curls.
Claspt in his other arm, leaned a fair girl,
Glowing and fresh in childhood's ripening bloom.
I did not see her face, for on his breast
She hung like a cropt lily, while loud sobs
Came deep and shivering from her youthful frame.
But once (her head uprais'd to wipe the tears
She did not strive to check) her eager glance
Fell on the ready coffin; — a wild shriek
Of piteous woe still ringing on my ear,
Burst from her lips; then to her father's neck
She clung, claiming protection. E'en as one
Resolved to bear his part, the elder boy
Stood silent, though the gushing tears burst forth
And roll'd unheeded down.
The martyr spoke;
And in that listening group a footfall slight,

Such the intense excitement of the scene,
Would have seemed loud as thunder; for a voice
So near the grave sounds like an oracle.
"'T is not so dread a thing, my friends, to *die*,
If the firm mind rallies its better thoughts,
And looks without this shell of earth. 'T is but
The foretaste of some few short years, or days
Perchance, when stern disease, with tyrant touch,
Harsher than hangman's hand, would act its part.
Oh! weep not thus: a coward had I been,
Ye might have wept, for bitter are the tears
That fall upon a recreant traitor's grave.
I chiefly grieve that this my tragic fate
May rouse the unholy passion of revenge,
And war, with hydra-head be arm'd anew."
There was a moment's pause, a lower tone,
In soften'd cadence, and I caught not all,
But solemn words fell broken on my ear,
"*Children—religion—mother—grave—Almighty;*"—
I heard no more, for gathering sobs arose
From every heart; the children to their sire
More closely clung, and I, with gushing tears,
Withdrew.

THE BARRACKS. BRITISH SOLDIERS.

FIRST SOLDIER.

Saw you the traitor meet his fate?
My duties called me here.

SECOND SOLDIER.

Oh! breathe it not
Again, my comrade, but this deed cries "murder!"

FIRST SOLDIER.

Speak not thus harshly. 'T is the chance of war.

SECOND SOLDIER.

"The chance of war!" to use thy worldly phrase,
Once made me prisoner to the foe. Wounded
And bowed with care, I lay, while thoughts of home,
Of Mary and my smiling babe, so play'd
Upon my heart-strings, I was moved to tears.
Hayne saw me, question'd of my health and state,
Soothed me with gentle words and Christian deeds,
And granted me soldierly exchange,
Yes, Britons whisper of his worthiness,
And his too short reprieve sprang from their claim
(Unask'd by him, but oh! how felt by me)
"Humanity to prisoners."

FIRST SOLDIER.

What was
His bearing at the final scene?

SECOND SOLDIER.

Comrade,
Thou'st viewed a noble ship with sails all set,
Riding majestic on the ocean deep,
And when a vexing wind has crossed her path
Hast seen her yield a moment, then again
Righting herself press nobly on her way. —
'T was thus with him. When the base instrument
Of death first met his eye, he back recoil'd,
But soon regained his bearing calm on high.
There lingered, it is said, within his breast
A hope, that like a soldier he might die ;
It was his last request, and was refused.
But, brother, there are men and moods can throw
A dignity o'er basest offices.
I felt this truth imprest by him.
A crowd
Gathering and swelling from the Eastern Bay,
To where the woods upon the city's bound,
Northward arise, followed the soldier's steps.
His stripling son was there, and hardened hearts

Melted to sympathy with his young grief.
His father paused, and bade the weeping boy
Bear his remains to his ancestral tomb:
Then with the calm farewell man gives to man,
When slumber's couch is sought, addressed his friends,
And folding round his soul faith's radiant robe,
Arose to Heaven. Methought the earth grew dark;
Men walked as spectres, and my reason reel'd. —
Comrade, to me it is a soothing thought,
(Although a stranger, once alas! a foe,)
That in his kindred burial-place in peace
The soldier rests. I've seen the sacred spot.
There many a pilgrim rev'rently shall turn,
Foeman and friend, and sadly, deeply muse,
While dwelling on the Patriot-Martyr's wrongs,
Who, doom'd to die a traitor's cruel death,
Ask'd but a soldier's doom, and was denied.
And let me whisper my heart's prophecy. —
His high resolve will nerve Columbia's heart,
Brace freedom's arm anew, and teach her foes
" How nobly an American can die."

Note 1. — Hayne's last promise to a friend previous to his execution, was, that he would show " how an American could die."

Note 2. — Col. Hayne was interred in the family burial-ground in St. Bartholomew's Parish, four miles beyond Jacksonboro'.

JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.

LUKE, VIII.

[First published in the North American Review.]

THEY have watched her last and quivering breath,
And the maiden's soul has flown;
They have wrapt her in the robes of death,
And laid her, dark and lone.

But the mother casts a look behind,
And weeps for that fallen flower;
Nay, start not — 't was the passing wind,
Those limbs have lost their power.

And tremble not at that cheek of snow,
Over which the faint light plays;
'T is only the curtain's crimson glow,
Which thus deceives thy gaze.

Didst thou not close that expiring eye,
And feel the soft pulse decay?
And did not thy lips receive the sigh,
That bore her soul away?

She lies on her couch, all pale and hush'd,
And heeds not thy gentle tread,
And is still as the spring-flower by traveller crush'd,
Which dies on its snowy bed.

Her mother has passed from that lonely room,
And the maid is still and pale,
Her ivory hand is cold as the tomb,
And dark is the stiffen'd nail.

Her mother retires with folded arms,
And her head is bent in woe;
Her heart is shut to joys or harms,
No tear attempts to flow.

But listen! what name salutes her ear?
It comes to a heart of stone —
"Jesus," she cries, "has no power here,
My daughter's spirit has flown!"

He leads the way to that cold white couch,
And bends o'er that senseless form;
She breathes! She breathes! at his hallow'd touch
The maiden's hand is warm.

And the fresh blood comes with its roseate hue,
And life spreads quick through her frame,
Her head is raised, and her step is true,
And she murmurs her mother's name.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS. 1812.

JEPHTHAH'S RASH VOW.

THE battle had ceas'd, and the victory was won,
The wild cry of horror was o'er. —
Now arose in his glory the bright beaming sun,
And with him, his journey the war-chief begun,
With a soul breathing vengeance no more.

The foes of his country lay strew'd on the plain —
A tear stole its course to his eye,
But the warrior disdain'd every semblance of pain,
He thought of his child, of his country again,
And suppress'd, while 't was forming, a sigh.

" Oh, Father of light! " said the conquering chief,
" The vow which I made, I renew;
'T was thy powerful arm gave the welcome relief,
When I call'd on thy name in the fulness of grief,
And my hopes were but cheerless and few.

"An off'ring of love will I pay at thy fane,
An off'ring thou canst not despise:
The first being I meet, when I welcome again
The land of my fathers, I left not in vain,
With the flames on thy altar shall rise."

Now hush'd were his words, thro' the far spreading bands,
Nought was heard but the foot-fall around —
Till his feet in glad tread press his own native lands,
And to heav'n are uplifted his conquering hands;
Not a voice breaks the silence profound.

O, listen! at distance what harmonies sound,
And at distance, what maiden appears?
See, forward she comes with a light springing bound,
And casts her mild eye in fond ecstasy round
For a parent is seen through her tears!

Her harp's wildest chord gives a strain of delight;
A moment — she springs to his arms!
"My daughter, Oh God!" — Not the horrors of fight,
While legion on legion against him unite,
Could bring to his soul such alarms.

In horror he starts, as a fiend had appear'd,
His eyes in mute agony close;
His sword o'er his age-frosted forehead is rear'd,
Which with scars from his many fought battles is sear'd;
Nor country nor daughter he knows.

But sudden conviction in quick flashes told,
That *that* daughter was destined to die;
No longer could nature the hard struggle hold,
His grief issued forth unrestrain'd, uncontroll'd
And glaz'd was his time-sunken eye.

His daughter is kneeling, and clasping that form
She ne'er touch'd but with transport before;
His daughter is watching the thundering storm,
Whose quick flashing lightnings so madly deform
A face, beaming sunshine no more.

But how did that daughter, so gentle and fair,
Hear the sentence that doom'd her to die?
For a moment was heard a shrill cry of despair —
For a moment her eye gave a heart-moving glare —
For a moment her bosom heav'd high.

It was but a moment — the frenzy was past,
She trustingly rush'd to his arms,
And there, as a flower when chill'd by the blast,
Reclines on an oak while its fury may last,
On his bosom she hush'd her alarms.

Not an eye saw that scene but was moistened in woe,
Not a voice could a sentence command;
Down the soldier's rough cheek tears of agony flow,
The sobs of the maidens rose mournful and low,
Sad pity wept over the band.

But fled was the hope in the fair maiden's breast,
From her father's fond bosom she rose;
Stern virtue appear'd in her manner confest,
She look'd like a saint from the realms of the blest,
Not a mortal encircled with woes.

She turn'd from the group, and can I declare
The hope and the fortitude given,
As she sunk on her knees with a soul breathing prayer,
That her father might flourish, of angels the care,
Till with glory he blossom'd in heaven?

"Oh, comfort him, heaven, when low in the dust
My limbs are inactively laid!
Oh, comfort him, heaven, and let him then trust,
That free and immortal the souls of the just
Are in beauty and glory array'd."

The maiden arose, — oh! I cannot portray
The devotion that glow'd in her eye;
Religion's sweet self in its light seem'd to play
With the mildness of night, with the glory of day —
But 't was pity that prompted her sigh.

"My father!" — the chief rais'd his agoniz'd head
With a gesture of settled despair —
"My father!" — the words she would utter had fled,
But the sobs that she heav'd, and the tears that she shed,
Told more than those words could declare.

That weakness past o'er, and the maiden could say,
"My father, for thee I can die."
The hands slowly mov'd on their sorrowful way,
But never again from that heart-breaking day,
Was a smile known to force its enlivening ray
On the old chieftain's grief-stricken eye.

WATERTOWN, MASS. 1810.

THE MAIDEN AND THE MARINER.

The toilet's task was o'er;
The satin slipper clasped the modelled foot,
The white glove rested on the snowy arm,
While Ella's heart beat lightly; — light her tread
As down the steps with airy grace she sprang
To greet the neighboring ball-room's fairy scene;
Then bounded towards her carriage, and her laugh
Went ringing like a happy waterfall
Bursting from summer hills.
She nears the blaze
Of the saloon where sylphlike movements wait
On music, as an echo on its sound;
Where eyes like midnight stars shine joyously
From out the firmament of heart and mind.
The carriage stops. Hark! a low plaintive voice!
"Pity," it said, "the shipwreck'd mariner,
Who has no friend, no country, and no home."

"Back, fellow!" one exclaimed, "away, away!"
The vagrant was thrust off. With flowing robes,
White as the garb a new-made spirit wears,
Fair Ella glided by. Again that voice! —
She paused. A shade came o'er her sunny brow
Soft as morn's vapor on a silver stream.
"That voice of woe will haunt my thoughts," she said,
"Will mingle with the dance discordantly,
Should I still coldly turn mine ear away.
And our dear William is a sailor too!
What if he need a pitying stranger's aid,
Young rebel from our hearth? God bless the boy!"
And here she heaved a sister's natural sigh,
And turning to the mariner she ask'd,—
"Stranger, what would'st thou? Can I aid thy need?"
Bright fell the light upon the seaman's coarse
And tattered garments, — brightly too it shone
On Ella's flower-wreathed brow and graceful form.
He paused. Ripe for the witcheries of the dance,
E'en though her heart was touch'd with sympathy,
The maiden's slipper'd foot kept eager time
To the loud gush of harmony that filled
The near saloon, while her slight ivory fan
Tapped on her open palm impatiently.

Nearer the sea-worn veteran pressed, and crossed
His hands upon his threadbare coat, and bowed.
A moment — Back he throws the ragged robe;
And lo! a manly form, in youth's fresh glow,
And laughing eyes, beneath the clustering curls,
That hang in ripen'd fulness o'er his brow!
'T is William, the gay wanderer, — and he clasps
The youthful Ella to his brother heart!

1834.

THOUGHTS IN JOURNEYING.

THOUGHTS IN JOURNEYING.

THE CONGRESSIONAL BURYING-GROUND.

THE pomp of death was there; —
The lettered urn, the classic marble rose,
And coldly, in magnificent repose,
Stood out the column fair.

The hand of art was seen
Throwing the wild flowers from the gravelled walk; —
The sweet wild flowers, — that hold their quiet talk
Upon the uncultured green.

And now, perchance, a bird
Hiding amid the trained and scattered trees,
Sent forth his carol on the scentless breeze, —
But they were few I heard.

Did my heart's pulses beat?
And did mine eye o'erflow with sudden tears,
Such as gush up mid memories of years,
When humbler graves we meet?

A *humbler* grave I met,
On the Potomac's leafy banks, when May,
Weaving spring flowers, stood out in colors gay,
With her young coronet.

A lonely, nameless grave,
Stretching its length beneath th' o'erarching trees,
Which told a plaintive story, as the breeze
Came their new buds to wave.

But the lone turf was green
As that which gathers o'er more honored forms;
Nor with more harshness had the wintry storms
Swept o'er that woodland scene.

The flower and springing blade
Looked upward with their young and shining eyes,
And met the sunlight of the happy skies,
And that low turf arrayed.

And unchecked birds sang out
The chorus of their spring-time jubilee; —
And gentle happiness it was to me,
To list their music-shout.

And to that stranger-grave
The tribute of enkindling thoughts, the free
And unbought power of natural sympathy,
Passing, I sadly gave.

And a religious spell
On that lone mound, by man deserted, rose, —
A conscious presence from on high; which glows
Not where the worldly dwell.

WASHINGTON, D. C. 1836.

THE RELEASED CONVICT'S CELL,

AT THE PHILADELPHIA PENITENTIARY.

WITHIN the prison's massy walls I stood,
And all was still. Down the far galleried aisles
I gazed — upward and near; no eye was seen,
No footstep heard, save a few flitting guards
Urging with vacant look their daily round;
For in the precincts of each narrow cell,
Hands, busiest once amid licentious crowds,
Voices, that shouted loudest in the throng,
Were now as calm, as erst the winds and waves,
When Jesus said, *Be still.*

I was led on
To where a convict ten slow years had dwelt
A prison'd man. Released that day, he sought
The world again. *Wide open stood his door.*
Hard by the cell, (where for brief term each day
He walked alone to feel the blessed breeze
Play on his cheek, or see the sun-beam dawn
Like a fond mother on her erring child,)

There was a little spot of earth, that woke
Within my breast a gush of sudden tears.
His hand had tilled it, and the fresh grass grew
Rewardingly, and springing plants were there,
One knows not how, lifting their gentle heads
In kind companionship to that lone man.
Who can portray how gladly to the eye
Of that past sinner, came in beauty forth
Those springing buds, in nature's lavish love?
Perchance they led him back in healthful thought
To some green spot, where in his early years,
The wild-flower rose, like him unstained and free.
Oh, many a thought swept o'er my busy mind,
And my heart said, God bless thee, erring one,
Now new-born to the world! May heavenly flowers
Spring up and blossom on thy purer way!
A deep, pathetic consciousness I felt
Stirring my soul in that forsaken cell.
It seemed the nest from whence had flown the bird;
Or chrysalis, from whose dark folds had burst
Th' unfettered wing; or grave, from whence the spirit
Wrapt in earth's death-robe long, had sprung in joy.
Thus be the *door of mercy oped for me*,
And leaving far the prison-house of sin,
Thus may my spirit range.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1836.

THE MOCKING-BIRD IN THE CITY.

Bird of the South! is this a scene to waken
Thy native notes in thrilling, gushing tone?
Thy woodland nest of love is all forsaken —
Thy mate alone!

While stranger-throngs roll by, thy song is lending
Joy to the happy, soothings to the sad:
O'er my full heart it flows with gentle blending,
And I am glad.

And *I* will sing, though dear ones, loved and loving,
Are left afar in my sweet nest of home,
Though from that nest, with backward yearnings moving,
Onward I roam!

And with heart-music shall my feeble aiding,
Still swell the note of human joy aloud;
Nor, with untrusting soul kind heaven upbraiding,
Sigh mid the crowd.

Philadelphia, May 24, 1836.

THE CITY OF NEW-YORK.

Atlantic city! brightly art thou beaming,
Throwing thy kindling ray o'er land and sea,
Enlightening myriads with thy far-spread gleaming,
Home of the free.

Giant of wealth! thine arm of mighty power
Sweeps to thy coffers gold from distant shores;
While on each asking hand thy Danae shower,
Its treasure pours.

Religion's nurse! on spire and tower still flying,
The Christian standard floats unfurled, and free;
Never, our bold forefathers' claim denying,
Mind's liberty!

Favorite of nature! on thy green shore dwelling,
Bright spring-flowers bloom, — the wild birds carol gay,
And the green ocean laves thy broad pier, smiling
In noisy play.

Haven of ships! thy storm-tried masts are standing,
With their tall foreheads to the meeting clouds,
A floating world — the billowy world commanding,
With their tough shrouds.

Syren of pleasure! in thy halls bright glancing,
Youth gaily springs, and prunes her buoyant wing.
Do purity and truth the mirth enhancing,
Their chorus bring?

O, mighty city, to thy trust is given
A moral influence — a Christian sway!
Souls throng thy busy streets to people heaven, —
Let them not stray.

Atlantic cities! rouse ye all from sleeping
Sin's deadly sleep, lest drops of grief be wrung
From Him who o'er Judea sadly weeping,
Her death-note sung.

1836.

SARATOGA LAKE.

O'ER Saratoga's bright lake we row,
Bathed in the light of the sunset glow;
We dip our oars in the placid wave,
Our hands in the rippling current lave.

There's scarce a cloud in the summer blue
Save one lit up with a rosy hue,
Like the smile that flits o'er a tranquil face,
Lending its softness a richer grace.

The shore is near with its girdle green;
The dim-eyed mountains look far between;
The twittering bird is heard on the bough,
And the shining fish are chased by our prow.

Light jests fall sportive from hearts at ease,
As buds that burst in the spring's warm breeze,
And our laugh o'er the silent water swells,
Like fountain music in echoing dells.

No traitor-tears for the absent rise,
Though deep in our hearts their image lies,
But a light from the thought of their love upsprings,
Like that which is ushered by angel-wings.

O, Saratoga's fair lake, adieu,
With thy placid waves and thy sky of blue!
Soft thoughts arise with thy evening ray,
They are thoughts of our home — away! — away!

SARATOGA, JULY 11, 1836.

MUSIC ON THE CANAL.

I was weary with the day-light,
I was weary with the shade,
And my heart became still sadder,
As the stars their light betrayed;
I sickened at the ripple,
As the lazy boat went on,
And felt as though a friend was lost
When the twilight ray was gone.

The meadows in a fire-fly glow,
Looked gay to happy eyes;
To me they beamed but mournfully,
My heart was cold with sighs.
They seemed, indeed, like summer friends;—
Alas, no warmth had they!
I turned in sorrow from their glare,
Impatient turned away.

And tear-drops gathered in my eyes,
  And rolled upon my cheek,
And when the voice of mirth was heard,
  I had no heart to speak.
I longed to press my children
  To my sad and homesick breast,
And feel the constant hand of love
  Caressing and carest.

And slowly went my languid pulse
  As the slow canal boat goes;
And I felt the pain of weariness,
  And sigh'd for home's repose;
And laughter seemed a mockery,
  And joy a fleeting breath,
And life a dark volcanic crust
  That crumbles over death.

But a strain of sweetest melody
  Arose upon my ear,
The blessed sound of woman's voice,
  That angels love to hear!
And manly strains of tenderness
  Were mingled with the song,
A father's with his daughter's notes, —
  The gentle with the strong.

And my thoughts began to soften
  Like snows when waters fall,
And open, as the frost-closed buds
  When spring's young breezes call;
While to my faint and weary soul
  A better hope was given,
And all once more was bright with faith,
  'Twixt heart, and earth, and Heaven.

MOHAWK RIVER, N. Y.

THE WEST-POINT EAGLE.

SUGGESTED BY AN ACTUAL OCCURRENCE.

'T is Sabbath morning; o'er the tented field,
Wild mountain, rock, and grove, the silence broods
Which nature loves. On the far-spreading green,
The tread of martial feet is hushed, or light;
A serious grace chastens the soldier's eye.
The clustered tents stand in still sunshine, white
To the lone hill-top gazer, as the flocks
That wait the shepherd's call. The Hudson sleeps;
The sloop's trim sail flaps on her breezeless way,
And gentle ripples swell and die unheard.
In rugged quietness Fort Putnam's wall
Ascends; the Crow's Nest pillows the high clouds.
Ranges of nearer hills heave up to heaven
More fixed and clear, while to their wooded sides
Green shrubs reposing cling. A glittering light
Crowns Kosciusko's column, like his fame.

And listen, on the rocks below soft fall
Still waters, like the ceaseless beat the heart
Gives to its country's champions.
But behold,
From yonder height an eagle presses on!
Hither he bends, with pinions spread, and cuts
The azure sky; and now above the plain
He wheels, and now the rushing of his wing
Is heard careering o'er the silent tents.
Like a keen sentinel his quick eye darts
A glance around, then with majestic sweep
He cleaves the air, and o'er the mountain's crest
Fades his dark form.
Why com'st thou, noble bird?
To note if all is well with those who hail
Thee as their emblem?
Loyal youths! Cadets!
Look ye to this; slight not the sacred sign;
But when the eagle of your country comes,
Flapping his bold wing on your listening ear,
Still may he find you thus, as on this morn;
A Sabbath calmness resting on your souls,
And strength, unboasting, in each God-nerved arm.

West-Point, June, 1836.

TRENTON FALLS, NEW-YORK.

My God,
I thank thee for this wondrous birth of joy,
Unfelt and unimagined till this hour!
Was't not enough that thou didst tinge the rose
With delicate glow, — throw silvery whiteness o'er
The lily's cup — touch the bright sea-shell, like
A spirit's blush, and weave a whisper through
Its spiral folds, like murmuring love-notes soft, —
Arch the rich rainbow into mingled hues,
More beautiful in contrast with heaven's blue,
O'er western skies throw tints of gracious light, —
Smooth down the river with a mirror's truth,
And wrap around the fresh and teeming earth
Its lovely drapery of chastened green?
Was't not enough for me, that from my youth
Mine eyes have bathed in beauty, banquetted
On lovely sights, and listened to sweet sounds?

Grateful was I for this; but now I feel
The beauty of the awful and sublime;
My soul leaps upward to these towering cliffs,
And onward with the stream!
Father of nature,
Enlarge my spirit for this mighty gift!
When I consorted with the buds and flowers,
Heard the full choir of woodland melody,
Gazed up in reverie, on placid skies,
Or wandered by the pure meandering stream,
Or prayed beneath the bright-eyed lights of heaven,
Looking serene from out their azure home,
Or blest the moonlight, as it burst in joy,
Like youthful thoughts, enkindling hill and dale,
I felt as if a mother's gentle voice
Called on her child to acts of grateful love.
But now that I have communed with the *vast*,
Seen the veil rent from nature's stormy shrine,
Heard her wild lessons of magnificence
In cataract voices, mid the echoing rocks,
I feel a *louder* call upon my soul —
A trumpet-sound; — and as a soldier girds
Himself for war, so will I gird my thoughts
For conquest o'er the world!

1836.

SWEET AUBURN.

NOW

MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY.

[The names referred to were given by the family of the Hon. Elbridge Gerry.]

SWEET AUBURN! when a gay and happy child,
Playing with nature like a favorite toy,
I loved thy bowers, — thy bowers so distant now!
Nine summers only on my eyes had smiled,
When to thy wilds, all unaccompanied,
Frequent I strayed, slighting more cultured paths,
Where glowed, mid wary steps, the weeded flowers.
I sought thy mossy banks — raised a green throne,
And wielding there the willow's flexile twig,
Sang idle songs, such as ring wildly forth
In carol light or sad from untried hearts.
To Woody Dell I strayed; not then the voice *
Which since, in manly eloquence, has woke

* Judge Story's, at the consecration of the ground.

Its echoes, met my ear, but the gay birds
Sent up clear notes of joy from bough to bough,
Unconscious, that those notes in after years
Would change to funeral hymns.
I climbed thy hill,
Whose noble height look'd down o'er art and nature.
The city's spires stood out, bathed in the glow
Of distant sunlight, while the gentle Charles
Lay like a nursing child outstretched in joy,
Soft murmuring, beneath the waving boughs.
Then with a light but not unthinking mind,
A glancing eye, and busy foot, descending
The wooded Hill, I sought the Giant's Grave,
On whose extended mound the wild flowers rose.
The soft anemone stood peeping there,
To woodland gaze the gentle snow-drop's peer,
And violets that owe their witching charm
To kindred with an azure eye, — and heaven's.
And can this be the same, the steady hand
That presses now in midnight thought my brow,
Beneath the star-beam of a Southern sky,
That with its small and twining fingers loved
To cull fresh flowers on Auburn's leafy slopes?
Thou, too, how changed, sweet Auburn! then of life,
Now of the grave, thou tell'st—thy bloom is mourning!

And with the wild bird's song the sob of woe
Mingles most sad.
I ask no monument,
Or lettered urn, within thy classic shades.
Be thou to me as in my childish days
Clustered all o'er with bright imaginings.
Though solemn words have sanctified thy Dell,
Linking its grassy clods with thoughts of heaven,
Though with fastidious taste affection's hand
Has piled the costly marble on thy hills,
And carved it in thy vales; though the great dead,
Great in the intellect that cannot die,
Have made their bed with thee, to me thou art
Sweet Auburn, and I love thee as the nest
From whence I joyed to plume my youthful wings
And soar to man's high nature from the child's.
I ask no monument within thy shades.
The rustling branches of our Southern groves
Shall soothe my sleep of death, kindly as winds
That circle through thy famed and cultur'd bow'rs;
The Southern flower spring up as soft and pure
As thine; bright Southern birds a requiem pour
As rich and mournful as thy plumed quire;
And Southern hearts, perchance with fervency,
Breathe prayers and blessings on my humbler grave.

CHARLESTON, S. C. 1836.

WASHINGTON'S ELM AT CAMBRIDGE.

MUCH hast thou seen, brave tree,
Since thy young holiday of early leaf,
When thy slight branches struggled to be free,
And thy pale root was brief!

More than the common share
Has fallen to thy wondrous lot, I guess,
Great antiquarian of an age most rare,
Of trial, hope, success!

Take me among thy boughs,
Good tree; I to thy vast experience soar!
More than book knowledge can thy whisperings rouse,
A sterner, richer lore!

I hear an answering tone
In the long waving of thine aged limbs,
And the wind's low and softly uttered moan,
Like spirits' midnight hymns.

Did not the Indian's dart,
When roving wild, make thy young trunk its aim?
And some brown girl, beneath thy branches, start
The fire-fly flame?

Dost thou remember, tree,
Harvard's *first* sons? Came they beneath thy boughs
With study pale — or wandering carelessly,
Dream of fair maiden's vows?

And does not every leaf
Stir with the strong remembrances of *one*,
The immortal — the unconquerable chief —
Thine own — thy Washington?

To think that he did lay
His weary limbs beneath thy very shade, —
That here he mused, and planned, and thought by day;
That here he nightly prayed!

To think that here his soul
Writhed in some stirring of war's agony —
Or with a strong, prophetic, deep control
Looked through to victory!

Why, 't is a hallowed spot!
Here for my country a new pulse beats high,
And woman's feeble nature all forgot,
Here too even I could die.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS. 1836.

THOUGHTS

ON PASSING PLATTSBURG, ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Hush! this is sacred ground,
Sacred the wave;
Here were true warriors found,
Here is their grave!
Blue mountains dimly smile,
Clusters each little isle,
Passing clouds pause awhile
Over the brave!

Foemen sleeps near the foe
Silent and cold!
Passions all hushed below,—
Tales that are told!—
Flowers the green sod have crowned,
Summer birds softly sound,
Murmur the waves around
"Peace to the bold!"

Lake Champlain, 1836.

TO THE ST. LAWRENCE.

River of thousand isles! in graceful glee
Has nature thrown around her gems of green.
Where summer skies look downward joyfully,
And sheltering trees erect their wavy screen,
And waters flow, laving each emerald shrine,
While nature dwells, lone, silent and divine.

Bird calls to bird from out these islets fair,
Unheard man's death gun, and unfelt his snare.
And flowers spring up, nor fear a cultured doom,
Bright families of beauty and perfume.
Farewell! a first, last gaze, I take — a parting spell;
Thou 'rt woven round my heart — and now, farewell!

Steamboat, 1836.

TO THE URSULINES.

O PURE and gentle ones, within your ark
Securely rest!
Blue be the sky above — your quiet bark
By soft winds blest!

Still toil in duty and commune with Heaven,
World-weaned and free;
God to his humblest creatures room has given
And space to be.

Space for the eagle in the vaulted sky
To plume his wing —
Space for the ring-dove by her young to lie,
And softly sing.

Space for the sun-flower, bright with yellow glow
To court the sky —
Space for the violet, where the wild woods grow,
To live and die.

Space for the ocean, in its giant might,
To swell and rave —
Space for the river, tinged with rosy light,
Where green banks wave.

Space for the sun to tread his path in might,
And golden pride —
Space for the glow-worm, calling, by her light,
Love to her side.

Then pure and gentle ones, within your ark
Securely rest!
Blue be the skies above, and your still bark
By kind winds blest.

QUEBEC, LOWER CANADA, 1836.

RETURN TO MASSACHUSETTS.

THE martin's nest! the simple nest!
I see it swinging high,
Just as it stood in distant years,
Above my gazing eye;
But many a bird has plumed its wing,
And lightly flown away,
Or drooped his little head in death,
Since that — my youthful day!

The woodland stream! the pebbly stream!
It gaily flows along,
As once it did when by its side
I sang my merry song.
But many a wave has roll'd afar,
Beneath the summer cloud,
Since by its bank I idly pour'd
My childish song aloud.

The sweet-brier rose! the way-side rose!
Still spreads its fragrant arms,
Where graciously to passing eyes
It gave its simple charms;
But many a perfumed breeze has passed,
And many a blossom fair,
Since with a careless heart I twined
Its green wreaths in my hair.

The barberry bush! the poor man's bush!
Its yellow blossoms hang
As erst, where by the grassy lane
Along I lightly sprang;
But many a flower has come and gone,
And scarlet berry shone,
Since I, a school-girl in its path,
In rustic dance have flown.

WATERTOWN, MASS. 1812.

ANSWER

TO THE CHARGE OF LOVING THE LAND OF MY ADOPTION MORE THAN THE HOME OF MY BIRTH.

GUILTY, yes, guilty. — Faint on memory's height
Linger the beams to young experience dear,
Fading beneath the glow of tender light
That shines in kindly radiance o'er me here.

I sigh not for New England's orchard store,
Her cultur'd meadows, or her gurgling rills;
I ask no musings by her rocky shore,
Nor summer rambles on her sloping hills.

My heart is here. The lowland scenes to me
Are fraught with all that makes life worth my care;
A thousand clustering joys spring buoyantly
And throw their branches on my being's air.

Home, where young faces glow like living flowers,
And time's intruding footsteps half arrest;
Protecting arms, that guard my sunny bowers
With gentle care that blesses to be blest.

Friends — dear as ever were the friends of yore —
Spontaneous — bursting in unselfish bloom. —
I had no sunshine on their lot to pour,
And yet they gave the stranger sweet perfume.

Religion — for to God unfettered swells
Soft hymns, pure prayers within my chosen fane,
While on my household altar safely dwells
The incense kindled to his sacred name.

Forgive the wanderer, then, who thus beguil'd,
Turns from her cradle by New-England's side,
And having there paid reverence as a *child*,
Clings here to Carolina as a *bride*.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

HYMNS.

HYMNS.

THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

We bless thee for this sacred day,
Thou, who hast every blessing given,
Which sends the dreams of earth away,
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.

Rich day of holy, thoughtful rest!
May we improve thy calm repose,
And in God's service truly bless'd,
Forget the world, its joys and woes.

Lord, may thy truth, upon the heart
Now fall and dwell, as heavenly dew,
And flowers of grace in freshness start,
Where once the weeds of error grew.

May prayer now lift her sacred wings,
Contented with that aim alone,
Which bears her to the King of Kings,
And rests her at his sheltering throne.

CHARLESTON, S. C. 1821.

PATIENCE.

'T is wise to crush the impatient thought,
And mould the heart to gentleness;
Looking with calm, unclouded eyes,
We meet a blessing while we bless.

'T is wise to crush the angry word,
And bid our kindly answers fall
Like leaves around a summer bower,
When sudden breezes harshly call.

How patiently the Deity
In all his earthly work appears;
Atom with atom softly blends,
And quietly each fabric rears!

And Christ was patient — mild in death,
To this great virtue nobly true;
E'en for his foes, the prayer was heard,
"Forgive! they know not what they do."

Then let us sit at Jesus' feet
With passion's standard closely furl'd,
And listen, as he talks of love
And patience to a restless world.

And wait, through life's dim darkling night,
Though faint should beam hope's flickering ray,
Till Faith shines slowly from afar,
And brightens to eternal day.

CHARLESTON, S. C. 1830.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Mark yon rich cloud, its hues so bright,
Ting'd with the warm sun's setting ray;
Soon will the sable brow of night
Scowl all those golden hues away.

Mark yon soft sea, its placid rest,
The gentle curling of that wave;
Soon shall the ponderous billow's breast
Raise on that sea, a gloomy grave.

Like these, alas, are mortal joys!
When in those joys we rest secure,
Some stroke of fate the charm destroys, —
That stroke is Heaven's — oh hush! endure.

Savannah, Ga. 1811.

THE ORPHAN'S ANNUAL HYMN.

[Written for the Fifty-eighth Anniversary of the Orphan-House, Charleston, S. C. 1847.]

BROTHERS! sisters! we are meeting
On this day, a grateful throng,
To enjoy the heart-felt greeting,
And pour forth our annual song.
Thee we hail our noble city,
Fostered kindly on thy breast,
Nurtured by thy love and pity,
See thine Orphan Children rest.

Patrons, hail! with hearts untiring,
Naught can bid your labor cease,
No reward or price desiring,
Save our welfare, joy and peace.
Teachers, hail! with daily duty,
You have urged to learning's strife,
Throwing over toil a beauty,
Showing us the worth of life.

Christ, all hail! for higher soaring,
  Thee we find our Saviour-friend,
Sacred light forever pouring
  On the heaven to which we tend.
God, Our Father! hear us raising
  Our young voices up to thee!
May thy Spirit aid our praising
  Through a long eternity.

ORPHAN'S HYMN.

[For the Annual Celebration of the Asylum at Savannah, Ga. 1811]

O THOU, who hear'st our orphan sighs,
When lowly at thy throne we bend,
Let this our happier hymn arise,
And to thy mercy-seat ascend.

Our infant hours began in gloom;
No ray of worldly joy was near;
Cold want destroyed our early bloom,
Pale sorrow called our early tear.

But, Charity, thy genial light
Burst thro' the shade, and cheer'd our way,
And, kindlier still, revealed to sight
The glories of the Gospel day.

Great God, for those whose fostering love
  Has gently nurtur'd our young powers,
We pray that blessings from above
  May lightly wing their earthly hours.

And when the solemn day draws near,
  That calls our rescued souls to thee,
Together may we all appear,
  And mingle in eternity.

TEMPTATION RESISTED.

My soul! the storm is near;
Temptation's on the wave,
And passion's surges dashing drear,
In threatening fury rave.

Look on — fear not — a power
Stronger than these is nigh,
And in this overwhelming hour,
Its wrestling strength will try.

And if thou seek'st for aid,
Religion's ark shall rest
In fair proportions, fitly laid,
Upon thy harass'd breast.

Each pure and holy thought,
In earth's wild deluge driven,
Shall to this ark of peace be brought,
With pinions plumed for Heaven.

And *hope* shall upward spring
With *faith*, the child of *care*,
Shaking earth's waters from their wing,
And come and nestle there.

Look now, — the storm has past;
And see, o'er yonder sky,
An arch of peaceful glory cast,
While clouds and darkness fly.

WATERTOWN, MASS. 1817.

ST. LUKE, IX.

There came a cloud, and overshadowed them; and they feared as they entered into the cloud. And there came a voice out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son: hear him.

A CLOUD flits o'er the youthful brow,
And grief's first shadowings veil it now:
But, hark! within its misty wreaths,
A tone of heavenly mercy breathes,
"'T is my beloved Son: hear him."

A cloud hangs o'er yon manly form,
While buffeting misfortune's storm,
A wreck, his earthly treasure lies —
But ah! a voice in mercy cries,
"'T is my beloved Son: hear him."

Wrapt in her sorrowing sable veil,
Sits the young widow, sad and pale;
Dense is the cloud, that round her dwells. —
But hark! the heavenly chorus swells,
"'T is my beloved Son; hear him."

A cloud is on the sinner's soul,
Deep, deep, the murky volumes roll;
He gropes, unaided and alone,
Until he hears the welcome tone,
"'T is my beloved Son: hear him."

Above the grave-yard's grassy breast,
Funereal shadows love to rest,
But to the heart well taught of Heaven,
A light from these rich words is given,
"'T is my beloved Son: hear him."

In Heaven those clouds will roll away —
Unbroken light, unshadowed day,
Shall burst upon the gazing eye,
And seraph voices raise the cry,
"'T is God's beloved Son: hear him."

CHARLESTON, S. C. 1826.

GOD OUR FATHER.

Is there a lone and dreary hour
When wordly pleasures lost their power? —
My Father! let me turn to thee,
And set each thought of darkness free.

Is there a time of racking grief,
Which scorns the prospect of relief? —
My Father! break the cheerless gloom
And bid my heart its calm resume.

Is there an hour of perce and joy,
When hope is all my soul's employ? —
My Father! still my hopes will roam,
Until they rest with Thee their home.

The noon-tide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn or twilight's sweet serene,
The glow of life, the dying hour,
Shall own my Father's grace and power.

CHARLESTON, S. C. 1821.

TEMPERANCE SONGS, &c.

TEMPERANCE SONGS, &c.

COME, SIGN THE VOW.

Air — "God save the King."

COME, sign the Temperance pledge,
Thou on life's tottering edge,
  Come, sign the vow!
What though thy hair be gray,
Languid thy pulses play,
Give us thy *parting* day,
  Quick, sign the vow.

Manhood, with sinewy form,
Breasting the hard world's storm,
  Come, sign the vow!

Here dry a wife's wild tears,
Here hush thy children's fears,
Here bless thy coming years,
  Now sign the vow.

Childhood, with earnest glance,
Hither thy steps advance,
  Come, sign the vow!
Haste, thy young promise bring,
Pure, simple offering,
Fresh from th' Eternal Spring,
  Now sign the vow.

Sinner, of many cares,
Wilder'd with doubts and snares,
  Come, sign the vow!
Give us thy trembling hand,
Soon shall foul habit's band
Yield like an osier wand,
  Come, sign the vow.

Maiden, untouched by care,
Lovely, and fresh and fair,
  Come, sign the vow!

Turn here thy sparkling eye,
Lend us thy cheek's soft dye,
Bring all thy witchery,
  Now sign the vow.

Youth, with thy upward look,
Which not a stain can brook,
  Come, sign the vow!
On, for thy country's weal,
On, at dear home's appeal,
On, for thy soul a seal,
  Come, sign the vow!

THE FORT MOULTRIE TEMPERANCE FLAG.

Tune — "Come, join the Teetotallers."

COME, plant the Temperance Standard, boys,
On old Fort Moultrie's wall!
With hand and heart, with word and deed,
Obey the gallant call.
O, that will be joyful,
When the Temperance Flag's unfurled;
The waves shall swell, and the breeze shall tell
That the Temperance Flag's unfurled!

No wife shall weep heart-broken, boys,
Or stand with mute despair,
And ask the earth to cover her,
When *that* floats on the air!

O, that will be joyful,
When wives shall weep no more ; —
The waves shall swell, and the breeze shall tell,
That wives shall weep no more !

No hungry, pining infant, boys,
Shall learn to curse our name ;
To our white flag their eyes shall turn,
And love's protection claim.
O, that will be joyful,
When childhood pines no more ; —
The waves shall swell, and the breeze shall tell,
That childhood pines no more !

Our sisters' cheeks not then will blush
Beneath their burning tears,
Our fathers' steps will softly tread
The sloping vale of years.
O, that will be joyful,
When friends shall blush no more ; —
The waves shall swell, and the breeze shall tell,
That friends will blush no more !

And should our *moral Flag-staff*, boys,
On the ramparts chance to fall,
May some Temperance Jasper forward spring,
And plant it on the wall !

O, that will be joyful,
When Temperance Jaspers rise, —
The waves shall swell, and the breeze shall tell,
When Temperance Jaspers rise!

SULLIVAN'S ISLAND, 1846.

NOTE. — In the beginning of the action at Fort Moultrie, June 28, 1776, the flag-staff of the American troops was shot away. Sergeant Jasper, of the grenadiers, immediately jumped on the beach, took up the flag, and fastened it on a sponge-staff. With it in his hand he mounted the merlon, and though the ships were directing their incessant broadsides at the spot, he deliberately fixed it.

Ramsay's History of South Carolina.

WHAT WOKE ME FROM MY DREAM?

I SLEPT. From yonder mansion's glittering hall
Arose rich music; on my dream it fell,
As ocean-murmurs in their slumberous call
Within the bosom of a sleeping shell.

I saw the glancing foot, the rounded arm,
The eye's soft raising, and the shadowy curl;
The modest, yielding, half-reluctant charm,
The meek luxuriance of the graceful girl.

I saw her partner's deferential gaze,
The chastened gentleness of manly pride,
The offered hand, that, through the dance's maze,
Seemed made to lead, to cherish, and to guide.

The sight was beautiful, nor wrong to me. —
Thus, thought I, God doth deck the lily fair,
Tinges the foliage on the stalworth tree,
And wakes gay carols through the summer air.

But hark! a cry comes o'er my gentle sleep,—
Wild maniac yelling and the vulgar song;
The bacchanalian shout, the curses deep,
The drunken revel of that *manly* throng!

Once, my loved city, on thy sandy shore,
The red man's war-cry broke the sleeper's rest;
And the gaunt wolf, with hunger-baited roar,
Scared the young infant on its mother's breast.

'T was better thus;—better the savage yell,
Softer the wolf-howl breaking slumber's dream,
Than on the ear of night, with orgies fell,
The polished revellers' mad and brutish scream.

CHARLESTON, S. C. 1845.

TEMPERANCE FLOWERS.

[The following lines were suggested by observing a beautiful vase of flowers every evening at the Charleston Temperance meetings. The exquisite original of Mrs. Hemans has been adhered to as far as practicable with the change of sentiment.]

Bring flowers, young flowers to Temperance Hall,
From gardens where dew-drops have loved to fall;
Bring flowers, they are springing in wood and vale,
And their breath floats out on the southern gale,
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,
To deck the fountain whence water flows!

Bring flowers to strew in Reform's pure path,
He hath shaken thrones in his noble wrath;
He comes with the rescue of nations back; —
The tempter lies crushed in his chariot's track,
The turf looks green where he wins the day,
Bring flowers to bloom in Reform's pure way!

Bring Temperance flowers to the drunkard's cell,
They have tales of mercy and hope to tell;
Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky,
And the bright world shut from his glazing eye;
They will bear him a thought of his innocent hours,
And a dream of his youth — bring him Temperance flowers!

Bring flowers for the Temperance bride to wear,
They were born to blush in her shining hair;
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth;
Her place is now by another's side,
Bring flowers for the locks of the Temperance bride.

Bring flowers to the Temperance shrine of prayer,
They are virtue's offering, their place is there;
They speak of hope to the fainting heart;
With a voice of promise, they come and part,
They slept in temptation's wintry hours: —
They break forth in glory—bring Temperance flowers!

CHARLESTON, S. C. 1846.

THE OYSTER'S APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC.

O, COME to my rescue, I 'm prisoned up here
With mint-sling and julep, strong wine and strong beer;
I pant for cold water amid this foul air, —
Indeed it is more than an oyster can bear!
Then far from old hollands, vile cocktail and sling,
Dear public, in water your supplicant fling.

That my prison is gilded and costly, I know,
My windows are painted, my blinds make a show,
And my sign is the brightest the public eye greeting,
Ay, brighter than that at the "*Temperance Meeting.*"
But take me away from rum, cordial and sling,
And in water, cold water, your supplicant fling.

My curtains are gorgeous, my pictures are gay,
Bright glasses are rang'd in a splendid array;

And so great is the glare and the blazing at night,
That ladies stand tiptoe *outside* at the sight.
But take me away from this brandy and sling,
And into cold water your supplicant fling.

Yet here are *dark corners* kept even from me,
Where they don't call for oysters, though "Mill Pond"
they be;
Sometimes a wild curse mutters out of the den,
And tones like the anguish of agonized men.
Then take me away from wine-cobblers and sling,
And into the water your supplicant fling.

That sign on the front is no title of mine,
Call it gin house, or beer house, or shambles for wine;
We innocent oysters, no longer, in sooth,
Shall be cat's-paws for drunkards, or *gins* to catch youth.
So take me away from ale, cider and sling,
And into cold water your supplicant fling.

But hark, all the pipes and the quarter casks grumble,
Fourth proof and brown stout seem around me to tumble,
Old holland turns pale, and the wine on the lees
Looks thick like a drunkard just after his sprees;
There 's a riotous time with port, sherry and sling,
O, into cold water, your supplicant fling.

My keeper seems nervous, and swears 'neath his breath,
That times are so dull we shall all starve to death,
I pity you, master, your teeth are on edge,
For custom runs low since the *Temperance Pledge.*
Then pray, gentle public, just give me a fling
To water-laved beds, where the oyster race cling.

But if you must eat me, be merciful, do,
And don't let me live with this dram-drinking crew.
Why, even an oyster is wiser than those
Who revel and shout where the full goblet flows;
Who stagger, and totter, and gibber and swear,
Or sit with their idiot-eyes in a glare.

So give us a temple, if worthy to eat,
Where the modest and honest can come for a treat,
And pull down the blinds, and unpaint all the glasses,
And look out like *men* when the traveller passes.
And then your poor oysters will fatten, and I,
In an honest vocation, will willingly die.

CHARLESTON, S. C. 1844.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE AMERICAN BOY.

[An English traveller has remarked, that when Americans speak of the relative character of England and their own country, "right or wrong, they will have the last word." This is illustrated in the following thoughts, excited by Mrs. Hemans' beautiful and elevating verses to "The English Boy."]

Look up, my young American!
Stand firmly on the earth,
Where noble deeds, and mental power,
Give titles more than birth.

A hallowed land thou claim'st, my boy,
By early struggles bought,
Heaped up with early memories—
And wide, ay, wide as thought!

On the high Alleghany's range,
Awake thy joyous song;
Then o'er our green savannahs stray,
And gentle notes prolong.

Awake it mid the rushing peal
Of dark Niagara's voice,
Or by thine ocean-rivers stand,
And in their joy rejoice.

What though we boast no ancient towers,
Where "ivied" streamers twine!
The *laurel* lives upon our soil,*
The laurel, boy, is thine.

What though no "minster lifts the cross,"
Tinged by the sunset fire?
Freely religion's voices float
Round every village spire.

---

* The laurel grows in its beautiful varieties throughout the United States; the kalmia at the north; at the south, the splendid magnolia grandiflora.

And who shall gaze on yon "blue sea,"
If thou must turn away?
When free Columbia's stripes and stars
Are floating in the day?

Who thunders louder, when the strife
Of gathering war is stirred?
Who ranges further, when the call
Of commerce' voice is heard?

And though on "Cressy's distant field"
Thy gaze may not be cast,
While, through long centuries of blood,
Rise spectres of the *past*;

The *future* wakes thy dreamings high,
And thou a note mayst claim,
Aspiring, which in after times
Shall swell the trump of fame.

Yet scenes *are* here for tender thought —
Here sleep the good and brave!
Here kneel, my boy, and raise thy vow
Above the patriot's grave.

On Moultrie's isle, on Bunker's height,
On Monmouth's heated line,
On Eutaw's field, on Yorktown's bank,
Erect thy loyal shrine;

And when thou 'rt told of "knighthood's shields,"
And English battles won,
Look up, my boy, and breathe *one* word, —
The name of *Washington.*

TO A FRIEND.

The moon that proudly treads the sky,
Were doubly bright if thou wert nigh;
The breeze that murmurs on mine ear,
Were softer still, if thou wert here;
The sky would beam a lovelier blue,
If thou couldst whisper, I am true;
And thoughts of heaven bear firmer sway,
If thou shouldst point, and lead the way.

THOUGHTS ON A BALL ROOM.

THINK not I view'd with vacant soul
That glittering scene of life and mirth;
Reflection o'er my being stole,
And gave me thoughts not born for earth.

The strongest beam of sunny days
Shows not the ocean's treasur'd store,
Nor could you, mid that dazzling blaze,
Perceive my heart's religious lore.

That eve, amid those airy forms,
I thought of Him who tints the rose,
Reveals the rainbow after storms,
And in the western sunset glows;

Of Him who gave the elastic tread,
The eye of fire, the manly glow,
The cheek where roses make their bed,
The pencill'd lid, the brow of snow.

And I felt grateful for the grace
Which youth and beauty throw around —
The buoyant air, the mind-lit face,
The charm of sight, the joy of sound.

Nor fear'd I, that those sunny hours
Would scorch the buds of pious bloom,
More than I fear that woodland flowers
In gay parterres will lose perfume.

Nor did I chill with aspect grave,
Those eyes, which soon may droop with tears,
Those hearts, where yet in grief must wave
The cypress shade of coming years.

One gentle caution kindly given
I could have breath'd to every ear —
Enjoy; but O, forget not Heaven —
Enjoy; but seek a nobler sphere.

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

GENTEEL in personage,
Conduct and equipage,
Noble in heritage,
Generous and free;
Brave and romantic,
Learned not pedantic,
Frolic not frantic;
Thus must he be.

Honor maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new;
Neat, but not finical,
Sage, but not cynical,
Never tyrannical,
But ever true.

ANONYMOUS.

THE GENTLEMAN'S CHOICE.

Of parentage suitable,
Pious and dutiful,
Graceful and beautiful,
Loving but me;
Her frolic not madness,
Her zeal without sadness,
Her smile beaming gladness,
This must she be.

Hands soft and delicate,
Voice like sweet music set,
Eyes that when mine are met
Kindling rejoice,
Patient mid chiding,
Fond and confiding,
At home still abiding,
This is *my* choice.

C. G.

THE COUNTERFEIT.

Off with that stain! Rather would I behold
The ghastly whiteness of death's bleaching hand
Than see thee thus, a painted show, a cheat,
To lure the eye, to lure *all* eyes — for she
Who stains the velvet softness of her cheek
Does it for *all* — for vanity, not love.
O, once methought it would be next to heaven
To lay my cheek by thine; (at least in dreams,
For love respectful ventures not so near
Its idol;) but away — Truth is my idol,
And she thou art not, for *her* cheek is pure.
Yes; sooner would I taste that faithless fruit,
With looks enticing while encasing dust,
Than kiss thy cheek, thou roseate lie! Give me
To press the paleness of the lily's leaf,
And I will nourish it, and my true love
Shall pour upon its petals fair a glow
Richer than thou canst draw from falsehood's store!

Lips, too? Must they be ting'd by art, and lose
The odorous, balmy dew of nature? Nay,
Speak not. Thy words, like founts once pure, become
Over those poisonous beds defiled! Go back
To holy nature, lady, and a heart
That longs to trust thee will pour out its love,
And kneel with thee, once more, before Truth's shrine.

AN INCIDENT.

She gave me violets.—
All know these flowers,
The simple, lovely things,
Decking bright nature's bowers
With blossomings!
With hidden head
They throw their treasures round,
Where careless footsteps tread
The scented ground.

She gave me violets.—
Not in the time
Of laughing summer's sway,
Nor in spring's floral prime,
The flowerets' holiday;—
In winter wild,
When the bleak winds were chill,
She gave them,— and they smiled,—
Were odorous still.

Sweet, sober violets!
Not in the hall
  Where beauty smiles and glows,
And fairy footsteps fall,
  And music flows, —
In the retreat
  Of Sabbath were ye given,
The Church's fane, where meet
  Warm prayer and heaven.

She gave me violets,
Whose odor spread
  Like incense-prayer, heaven-tending,
While each slight, delicate head,
  Was humbly bending.
The blessed child —
  A violet was she,
Growing on this world's wild
  So modestly.

SEVENTEEN.

In childhood, when my girlish view
Glanced over life's unfading green,
Thoughts undefin'd, and bright, and new,
Would blend with thee, sweet Seventeen.

Restrain'd at twelve by matron care,
My walks prescrib'd, my movements seen,
How bright the sun, how free the air
Seem'd circling round fair Seventeen.

'Thirteen arriv'd; but still my book,
My dress, were watch'd with aspect keen,
Scarce on a novel might I look,
And balls — must wait for Seventeen.

Fourteen allowed the evening walk
Where friendship's eye illum'd the scene;
The long romantic bosom-talk,
That talk, which glanced at Seventeen.

The next revolving circle brought
A quicker pulse, yet graver mien;
I read, and practis'd, studied, thought,
For what? to stop at Seventeen.

Sixteen arriv'd, that witching year
When youthful hearts like buds are seen,
Ready to ope as first appear
The genial rays of Seventeen.

They came — have passed — think not, fair maids,
My hand shall draw that magic screen;
But this I urge, fill well your *heads*,
And guard your *hearts* for Seventeen.

CHILDREN AT PLAY.

Sport on; sport on;
A mother's thought, shadow of heavenly love
Dwells on you. In her home, mid household cares,
Kindle up hopes, which deep in its soft folds
Her inmost soul has wrapt. She musing asks, —
"What *his* high fate, that boy with eagle eye,
And well-knit limbs, and proud impetuous thought?
A patriot, leading men, and breathing forth
His warm soul for his country? or a bard,
With holy song refining earth's cold ear?
A son, holding the torch of love to age
As its closed eye turns dimly to the grave?
Or husband wrapping with protecting arms,
One who leans on him in her trusting youth?"
"And for those girls," she asks, "what gentle fate
Lies cradled on the softest down of time?
A rosy lot *must* garland out their years —

Those sunny eyes with laughing spirits wild,
Those rounded limbs are all unfit for want,
Or sterner care. Gently will they be borne
On beds of flowers beneath an azure sky."
O dreams, fair dreams! God's dower to woman's heart,
Your light and waving curtains still suspend
Before the future which lies dark behind.

O COME, MAIDENS, COME!

BOAT SONG.

O come, maidens, come o'er the blue rolling wave,
The lovely should still be the care of the brave.

CHORUS.

Trancadillo, Trancadillo, Trancadillo, dillo, dillo, dillo,
With moon-light, and star-light, we'll bound o'er the billow,
Bright billow, gay billow, the billow, billow, billow, billow,
With moon-light, and star-light, we'll bound o'er the billow.

The moon 'neath yon cloud hid her silvery light—
Ye are come—like our fond hopes she glows in your sight.

Trancadillo, Trancadillo, &c.
With moon-light, and love-light, we'll bound o'er the billow,
Bright billow, gay billow, &c.
With moon-light, and love-light, we'll bound o'er the billow.

Wake the chorus of song, and our oars shall keep time,
While our hearts gently beat to the musical chime.

Trancadillo, Trancadillo, &c.
With oar-beat, and heart-beat, we 'll bound o'er the billow,
Bright billow, gay billow, &c.
With oar-beat, and heart-beat, we 'll bound o'er the billow.

As the waves gently heave under zephyr's soft sighs,
So the waves of our hearts, neath the glance of your eyes.

Trancadillo, Trancadillo, &c.
With eye-beam, and heart-beam, we'll bound o'er the billow,
Bright billow, gay billow, &c.
With eye-beam, and heart-beam, we'll bound o'er the billow.

See the helmsman looks forth to yon beacon-lit isle;
So we shape our hearts' course by the light of your smile!

Trancadillo, Trancadillo, &c.
With love-light, and smile-light, we'll bound o'er the billow,
Bright billow, gay billow, &c.
With love-light, and smile-light, we'll bound o'er the billow.

And when on life's ocean we turn our slight prow,
May the light-house of hope beam like this on us now.

Life's billow, frail billow, the billow, billow, billow,
With hope-light, the true-light, we'll bound o'er life's billow,
Life's billow, frail billow, &c.
With hope-light, the true light, we'll bound o'er life's billow.

SULLIVAN'S ISLAND, S. C. 1844.

TO AN INFANT BOY.

Welcome, soft trembler, to our arms!
We clasp in love thy fragile form;
And struggling with our smiles and tears,
Receive thee mid earth's sun and storm.

Helpless immortal! Strong, though weak!
Even now thou 'rt round our hearts entwined,
Thy weakness is thy strength, nor earth
The spell thou bringest can unbind.

Ray on creation! May thy dawn
Still prove serene and blest as now,
And earthly shades of sorrow flee
From thy soft breast and feeble brow.

Pure opening bud! Unfold in joy
Beneath the fond parental eye,
And may thy blossoms bless their path,
While theirs are ripening for the sky.

Sweet rainbow on life's tearful sphere!
God's promise to the sad heart given!
Shine on thy parents' gladdened sight,
And be the bond 'twixt them and Heaven.

HOUSEHOLD WOMAN.

Graceful may seem the fairy form,
With youth, and health, and beauty warm,
Gliding along the airy dance,
Imparting joy at every glance.

And lovely, too, when o'er the strings
Her hand of music woman flings,
While dewy eyes are upward thrown,
As if from Heaven to claim the tone.

And fair is she, when mental flowers,
Engage her soul's devoted powers,
And wreaths — unfading wreaths of mind,
Around her temples are entwin'd.

But never in her varied sphere
Is woman to the heart more dear,
Than when her homely task she plies,
With cheerful duty in her eyes;
And every *lowly* path well trod,
Looks meekly upward to her God.

THOUGHTS ON ZERLINA THORN.

DROWNED AT TRENTON FALLS.

And art thou gone, fair, graceful child?
I dreamed not, mid this cataract wild,
Thy form would lie,
When, like a bright and budding flower,
I met thee in a summer bower,
Life in thine eye!

I saw thee in the airy dance,
With floating step, with kindling glance,
With happy brow;
A brother's arm around thee clung,
A parent's smile upon thee hung,
Where art thou now?

O! cold and dark must be the grave,
Love-nurtur'd one! — the dashing wave
Rocks thy death-sleep,

And o'er thy glazed and unclosed eye,
The high-heav'd cliffs, all frowningly,
Their vigils keep!

But why repine, though summer dews,
And flowers of soft and blended hues
Deck not thy sod?
Thy spirit from the wave up-springs,
Scatters the white foam from its wings,
And flies to God!

TRENTON FALLS, N. J.

STANZAS.

"Would you not love a lofty monument and far-spread fame?"

Raise not for me the towering urn,
That draws the admiring gazer's eye: —
Dust unto dust will careless turn,
While these proud pageants multiply.

Wake not for me the thrilling peal
Of funeral anthems, full and deep: —
No tones of earth the dead can feel,
Not e'en the sobs of those who weep.

Strike not for me the poet's lyre
To magnify some passing fame;
The vaults of death will chill his fire,
Nor glow at the Pierian flame.

Careless am I what spot of earth
Receives this frail and sinking clod;
Enough, if by a heavenly birth
I wake to bliss, — a child of God.

ST. MICHAEL'S TOWER.

St. Michael's spire! St. Michael's spire!
How fair thou risest to the sight,—
Now, glittering in the noon-sun's fire,
Now, softened by the "pale moonlight!"

Dread storms have thunder'd o'er the sea,
And crush'd the low, and rent the high;
But there *thou* standest firm and free,
With thy bright forehead to the sky.

Fierce fires in rolling volumes came,
But gleam'd innocuous on thy tower,
War's cannon roared with breath of flame,
Scatheless for thee career'd its power.

Symmetric spire! Our city's boast,
In scientific grandeur piled!
The guardian beacon of our coast,
The seaman's hope when waves are wild!

Palladium ! on thy lonely height,
The faithful watchman walks his round,
While rest and safety rule the night,
And stillness, as of holy ground.

All sleep but thee — thy tuneful bells
Hymn to the night-wind in its roar,
Or float upon the Atlantic swells,
That soften summer on our shore.

Soother of sickness ! Oft thy chime
A gentle voice to darkness lends ;
And speaks a language deep, sublime,
When love o'er dying virtue bends.

Thou guid'st the youth to classic hours,
The laborer to his task confin'd ;
The maid, to joy's resplendent bowers,
The ambitious, to the strife of mind.

Thy Sabbath summons, not in vain,
Calls the mixed city to their God ;
Each gravely seeks his chosen fane,
And treads the aisle his sires have trod.

And nobly do thy pæans flow,
When patriots shout the annual strain,
That echoes from far Mexico,
To where St. Lawrence holds his reign.

Gliding along bold Ashley's stream,
Or Cooper's, hung with mossy grace,
We turn to gaze upon thy beam,
And hospitable joys retrace.

And tender are the thoughts that rise,
When, sea-bound from thy level shore,
The tear of parting dims our eyes
Till we can view thy point no more.

And when returning to our land,
The summer exile nears his home,
How beats his heart, and waves his hand,
As first he greets thy welcome dome.

St. Michael's spire! I close my lay,
Touch'd by the moral thou hast given,
Though duties throng my earthly way,
My look, like thine, shall be to Heaven.

CHARLESTON, S. C. 1830.

MOTHER, WHAT IS DEATH?

"MOTHER, how still the baby lies —
I cannot hear his breath;
I cannot see his laughing eyes —
They tell me this is death.

"My little work I tried to bring,
And sit down by his bed,
And pleasantly I tried to sing, —
They hushed me — he is dead.

"They say that he again will rise,
More beautiful than now, —
That God will bless him in the skies —
O, mother, tell me how!"

"Daughter, do you remember, dear,
The cold dark thing you brought,
And laid upon the casement here, —
A wither'd worm you thought?

"I told you that Almighty power
Could break that wither'd shell,
And show you, in a future hour,
Something would please you well.

"Look at the chrysalis, my love, —
An empty shell it lies; —
Now raise your wandering thoughts above,
To where yon insect flies!"

"O yes, mamma, how very gay
Its wings of starry gold —
And see! it lightly flies away
Beyond my gentle hold.

"O, mother, now I know full well —
If God that worm can change,
And draw it from its broken cell,
On golden wings to range;

"How beautiful will brother be,
When God shall give *him* wings
Above this dying world to flee,
And live with heavenly things."

1827.

A SKETCH.

The gay saloon was thronged with grace and beauty,
While brilliant rays shone out on lovely eyes,
And lovely eyes look'd forth a clearer beam.
Fashion was there — not in her flaunting robes,
Lavish of charms — but that fair sprite, who moulds
All to her touch, yet leaves it nature still.
The light young laugh came reed-like on the ear,
Touching the chord of joy, electrical;
And smiles, too graceful for a sound, pass'd out
From ruby lips, like perfume from a flower.
Catching the gracious word of courtesy,
The listening maid turn'd to the speaker's eye;
And bowing in his honor'd lowliness,
His manly head inclin'd to her slight form.
There was a hum of social harmony,
"Like the soft south" upon the rushing seas.
Between its pauses, burst the harp's rich tone,
Pour'd out by one, who fill'd the Poet's eye
With fond fruition of his classic dream.

A voice was there — clear and distinct it rose
Like evening's star when other stars are dim: —
Clear, sweet and *lonely*, as that southern bird's
Who on far turrets trills his midnight lay.
In the heart's cavern, deep that voice went down,
Waking up echoes of the silent past.

O, woman! lovely in thy beauty's power!
Thrice lovely, when we know that thou canst turn
To duty's path, and tread it with a smile.

TO MISS ———,

AND

HER NIGHT BLOOMING CEREUS.

At morn, when nature lay in early dew,
At noon, when shading branches screen'd the sun,
At twilight, when the parting glow of day
Blush'd on her cheek, or kiss'd her wavy hair,
Or, when the moon with silver radiance ting'd,
Flooded its growing leaves — she watched her bud.

It oped its gentle eye at evening hour,
Slow as the virgin's from a happy dream;
Her dark glance turn'd upon its petals pure,
And soft as pure, like new-bath'd infancy;
Her fring'd lids, trembling with her eager joy,
Bow'd o'er its stamens, fring'd, and trembling too.

Odors stole up in silence from its leaves,
And met those lips, that, bent in curious joy,
Sent back *their* perfume, to its scented cell.

She gazed far down that many stamen'd cell,
And saw the mysteries of Flora's shrine.
O, lady, study thus the opening folds
Of thy young heart's deep fount, and thou shalt find
As tender mysteries there, as sweet and strange;
And know, that naught but Deity could frame
That flower and thee.
It is a "thrice told" prayer
I ask for thee, fair student of this flower,
Yet not less grateful that it is not new;
When sorrow's night shall come, and come it will
To shade the flushing of thy happy prime,
May flowers like this burst forth amid the gloom,
And cheer and bless thy way.

CITY CLOUDS AND STARS.

"I was rear'd
In the great city —
And saw naught lovely, but the sky and stars."

COLERIDGE.

Ye bless'd me in my childish hour,
White clouds, that, sailing by,
Early awoke a spell of power,
And won my gazing eye.

And stars, ye glittering toys of heaven,
When on my couch I wept,
To you my youthful thoughts were given,
And thinking thus, I slept.

Still blessingly ye look below;—
When to the world's cold bourne
Mechanical my footsteps go,
My eyes to you upturn.

The friends I've lost, the lov'd, the fair,
On those white foldings laid,
Come floating on the parting air,
In breezy light array'd.

What though the city's serried wall
Hides nature from my sight?
Upward I look, and there ye all
Beam forth in lovely light.

O, I forget forgetting friends,
Nor weep at envious foes;
Your silent gaze a ray extends
That heals me as it flows.

Beautiful ministers of love,
Take, take me upward too;
I ask a resting-place above,
To shine and bless with you!

Like you look down on aching eyes,
Tir'd with earth's fitful glare,
And kindly float o'er bursting sighs,
And hover o'er despair.

O stars, and clouds, and azure ray,
  Day-dawn, and evening-glow,
Still o'er my fading fancy play,
  Still to my being grow!

And when death's winding-sheet shall fold
  Coldly my fading form,
Thus glitter in the wintry cold,
  Or struggle through the storm;

Or through the sultry summer day,
  Your fleecy mantle weave,
Or stud with gems and colors gay,
  The sober brow of eve;

O stars, and sky, and fleecy cloud,
  Wait ye, and silent wave
Your standards mid the city's crowd,
  Above my trodden grave.

CHARLESTON, S. C. 1824.

A LAMENT,

OVER A FAILING MUSICAL VOICE.

WHERE art thou, friend of former years,
Thou pleasant voice of song,
That gushed from out my inmost heart
In carol soft or strong?

O, I remember still thy lays,
Trilled off with thoughtless glee,
Amid my toys or garden walks,
Or 'neath the spreading tree.

I can recall the nursery song
That soothed my kitten's cries,
And that low note that sought to shut
My dolly's staring eyes.

And I remember, as a dream,
My mother's tender pride,
When calling *her* young singing bird
To warble by her side.

With head erect, hands clasped before,
And curtsy fitly train'd,
I gave the shrill, ambitious song
With voice unduly strain'd.

And humbler, holier notes than these,
Come back through distant years,
The hymning at that mother's knee,
Who bless'd me through her tears.

Then higher feeling rose and grew
With strong, profound control,
Till rich romance swept o'er my life,
And lent my voice a soul.

On sunny hills, in woodland depths,
The silver stream along,
Mid meadow flowers and orchard fruits,
I poured the dreamy song.

And when the moon with chastened smile,
  Look'd downward on mine eye,
And her soft radiance thrill'd my frame,
  It rose in ecstasy.

Next *Friendship* woke my heart's young tune,
  As, hand by hand still prest,
Her eyes, like eyes of cherubim,
  Look'd deep within my breast.

And *Love* stole near, and as he stirr'd
  That heart's unruffled sea,
Tears, smiles, and sighs alternate rose,
  Struggling for melody.

Who hath been young, nor own'd that love
  Is like the fabled ray,
Waking the spirit into song
  As breaks life's sunny day?

Then came the carol here and there,
  Heard from the busy wife, —
Snatches of song that lighten up
  The toils and cares of life.

And then the gentle lullaby
That sooth'd the babe to rest,
As, sinking like a twilight flower,
He nestled on my breast, —

Unconscious of the eyes that gaz'd
With fond devotion there,
Unconscious of the broken song,
That form'd itself to prayer.

Nor be thy *sacred* notes forgot,
Voice of the by-gone days!
The lay of evening penitence,
The morning hymn of praise.

Nor yet th' inspiring, holy swell
Of Sabbath's blessed chime,
Which bore upon its upward wing
The cares of earth and time.

O, truant voice of former song,
Return, return again!
My heart is young, awake once more
Thy glad and solemn strain.

The bright round hills are standing still,
The woodland depths are green,
The orchards glow with autumn fruit,
And streamlets glide between;

The lovely moon still mounts her car,
Flooding the earth and sea, —
Voice of my youth, on that bright ray
Why glid'st thou not to me?

Friendship is true, and love still warm,
And Sabbath hymns are sung, —
With passionate appeal I ask,
Why leave thy lyre unstrung?

How silent! — but methinks I hear
A whisper from afar,
That tells me we shall meet again
Where *new-cloth'd voices are!*

And mine, *mine own*, will sound once more
Amid the eternal choir,
And swell in loftier, sweeter strains,
To some celestial lyre.

1830.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

THOU wert my pride in babyhood, a bright and fairy thing,
With dimpling smiles, and mottled arms, and quick elastic spring;
With teeth that lay like little shells upon a coral bed,
And hair as soft as gossamer by summer breezes sped.

Thou wert my pride when thy *first* word in broken accents woke,
And *thought* from out its prison-cell in simple phrases broke;
And when thy tottling velvet feet the spell of weakness spurned,
And to my arms, with frantic laugh, thy outspread arms were turned!

Thou wert my pride in *childhood*, when demurely to
thy school,
Thou trod'st thy way industrious, beneath a teacher's
rule;
And when each swift revolving year a *learned* honor
brought,
In shape of shining premium, by scholar-craft still
bought.

Proud was I of thy *tuneful* art, when thought, matured
and free,
Lent to thy voice and words a tone of golden minstrelsy;
I've closed my eyes, and dreamed that such would be
the seraph strain
That to the spirit-world would call *my* spirit back
again.

Proud was I of thy *household* step, with all its busy
arts,
Which to the social fire-side life its quietness imparts;
I joyed to hear thy broken song, thy light and careless
jest,
Spring forth when aiming thus to make the friends
who love thee blest.

But now I have a *tenderer* pride. Yes, when upon my
frame
With aching head, and throbbing pulse, the fever
tempest came,
And I saw thine eye in sympathy bend o'er my restless
bed,
And saw thy form go quietly, with gently thoughtful
tread —

And felt thy kiss of lovingness fall sweetly on my cheek,
And heard thy voice in whisperings thy patient nursing
speak —
I knew how pain and weariness by love can be beguiled,
And turned to Heaven indeed with pride, that thou,
thou art my child.

1838.

MIDNIGHT AT SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.

She sleeps, my own fair city, and the moon
Looks down with guardian eyes, as clear and still
As a fond mother's o'er her infant child —
As still — as wakeful. — How profound her sleep!
The light-house fire burns on, emblem of Him
Who rests not mid the slumbering, but on high
Holds his bright torch o'er yet uncounted worlds.
Peace is around in nature — peace and joy!
Scarcely a cloud is seen, save one, which like
A veil o'er beauty lends a softer ray
To heaven's bright eyes, that look out through the stars,
While the west wind, in gentle breezes, sweeps
The gentle wave.
How *distant* yet how *near*
Seems the great city — near; for I have heard
The sounding bell when the tenth hour was toll'd; —

Near, for I see the fading lights retire,
As one by one men seek oblivious rest.
The old man goes to sleep through dreamless hours,
Unless perchance a thought of youth steals in
And opens the far past; — and childhood sleeps,
Its light breast heaving like the young pine tops,
When sway'd by southern winds, that die in calms.
Some sink upon their pillow, tired of life,
And heavily lie down to shut their eyes
On earth's cold vanities; some, haunted by
Fierce crimes, toss on a restless couch and sigh
For breaking morn; some, bless'd with virtue's meed,
A happy heart, close their soft lids and dream
Of good deeds done, and blessings yet in store.
And is *crime* brooding now, o'er that still scene,
Active, and eager, in these tranquil hours?
O, may Heaven shield thee, city of my heart —
Home of my household — where my dead repose!
God guard the *living* — would that I could hear
Their sleeping breath, and bless them as they lie!
The *dead* need not my blessing — safe are they.
How *far* she seems, the city of my love!
The kindling spark might wrap her towers in flame,
And my weak voice sound faint as insect's wing,
When thunders shake the air!

My yearning soul
Looks towards her, as the fluttering bird that leaves
Its mother's nest too soon, and pants for home.
O, I am lonely in this midnight scene.
God guard the sleepers — I will go and pray.

1828.

MY PIAZZA.

My piazza, my piazza! some boast their lordly halls
Where soften'd gleams of curtain'd light on golden
treasure falls,
Where pictures in ancestral rank look stately side by
side,
And forms of beauty and of grace move on in living
pride!

I envy not the gorgeousness that decks the crowded
room,
Where vases with exotic flowers throw out their sick
perfume,
With carpets where the slippered foot sinks soft in
downy swell,
And mirror'd walls reflect the cheek where dimpled
beauties dwell.

My fresh and cool piazza! I seek the healthy breeze
That circles round *thy* shading vines and softly-waving trees,
With step on step monotonous, I tread thy level floor,
And muse upon the sacred past or calmly look before.

My bright and gay piazza! I love thee in the hour,
When morning decks with dewy gems the wavy blade and flower,
When the small bird lights and sings his song upon the neighboring tree,
As if his notes were only made to cheer himself and me.

My cool and fresh piazza! I love thee when the sun
His long and fervid circuit o'er the burning earth has run,
I joy to watch his parting light loom upward to the eye,
And view the pencil-touch shade off and then in softness die.

Contemplative piazza! I love in twilight gloom
To see the crescent moon tread forth through heaven's
o'er-arching room,
To inhale the breath of closing flowers, to hear the
night-bird's cry,
As with a floating wing he soars and cuts the fading
sky.

My sociable piazza! I prize thy quiet talk,
When arm in arm with one I love, I tread the
accustomed walk;
Or loll within our rocking-chairs, not over nice or
wise,
And yield the careless confidence where heart to heart
replies.

My piazza, my piazza! my spirit oft rejoices
When from thy distant nooks I hear the sound of
youthful voices,
The careless jest, the bursting laugh, the carol wildly
gay,
Or cheerful step with exercise that crowns the studious
day.

My beautiful piazza! thou hast thy nightly boast;
When brightly in the darken'd sky appear the heavenly host,
Arcturus glows more brilliantly than monarch's blazing gem,
And fair Corona sits enshrined, like angel's diadem.

My lov'd and lone piazza! the dear ones have departed,
And each, their nightly pillow seek, the young and happy-hearted;
I linger still, — a solemn hush is brooding o'er the skies,
A solemn hush upon the earth in tender silence lies.

I feel as if a spirit's wing came near and brush'd my heart,
And bade before I yield to sleep earth's heavy cares depart, —
Father, in all simplicity I breathe the prayer I love,
O, watch around my slumbering form, or take my soul above.

MY GARDEN.

My garden fresh and beautiful, the spell of frost is o'er,
And earth sends out its varied leaves, a rich and lavish store;
My heart too breaks its wintry chain, with stem, and leaf and flower,
And glows in hope and happiness amid the spring-tide hour.

'T is sunset in my garden; — the flowers and buds have caught
Bright revelations from the skies in wondrous changes wrought;
And, as the twilight hastens on, a spiritual calm
Seems resting on the quiet leaves, which evening dews embalm.

'T is moonlight in my garden; like some fair babe at rest
The day-flower folds its silky wing upon its pulseless breast;
Nor is it vain philosophy to think that plants may keep
A holiday of airy dreams beneath their graceful sleep.

'T is morning in my garden; — each leaf of crisped green
Hangs tremulous in diamond gems, with em'rald rays between;
It is the birth of nature, — baptiz'd in early dew,
The plants look meekly up and smile as if their God they knew.

My garden fair and brilliant! — the butterfly outspread
Alights with gentle fluttering on the wall-flower's golden head,
Then darting to the lily bed, floats o'er its sheeted white,
And settles on the violet's cup with fanciful delight.

My quiet little garden! — I hear the rolling wheel
Of the city's busy multitude along the highway peal,

I tread thy paths more fondly, and inhale the circling air
That glads and cools me on its way from that wide mart
of care.

My friendly little garden! few worldly goods have I
To tender with o'erflowing heart in blessed charity,
But like the cup of water, by a pure disciple given,
An herb or flower may tell its tale of kindliness in
heaven.

My small herbescent garden! what though I may not
raise
High tribute to thy fruitfulness in these familiar lays,
Yet when thy few shrunk radishes I pluck with eager,
haste,
They seem a daintier food to me than gods ambrosial
taste.

As as for those *three* artichokes, the fruit of toilsome
care,
And my angel-visit cucumbers, that come so sparse
and rare,
And the straggling ears of corn that shoot so meagre,
thin, and small,
To me they still outweigh the hoards that crowd the
market stall.

I own I have mistakenly oft train'd a vulgar weed,
And rooted up with savage hand some choice and
costly seed,
And boiled a precious bulbous-root of lineage high
and rare,
And planted onions in a jar with most superfluous
care;

But truth springs out of error, and right succeeds to
wrong,
Mistakes that wound, and weeds that vex, give morals
to my song,
They bid me clear my mental soil and calmly look
within,
To check the growth of earth's wild weeds — of
passion and of sin.

To nobler themes, and hopes, and joys, my garden
culture tends;
To that high world where only flower without the
weed ascends,
I lift my soul in reverie, enraptur'd and alone,
Still coining links of thought that wreathe my spirit to
God's throne.

Yet sadness sometimes fills my mind, as each unfolding sweet
Springs up in ready beauty beneath my household's feet,
For some young hand that gathers now the plants that gaily wave,
May shortly lie in wither'd bloom within the dreary grave.

My faith-inspiring garden! — thy seeds so dark and cold
Late slept in utter loneliness amid earth's senseless mould;
No sunbeams fell upon them, nor west wind's gentle breath,
But there they lay in nothingness, an image meet of death.

Now, lo! they rise in gorgeous ranks, and glad the eager eye,
And on the wooing summer breeze their odor passes by;
The flower-grave cannot chain them, the spirit-life upsprings,
And scatters beauty in its path from thousand unseen wings.

MY KNITTING WORK.

Youth's buds have oped and fallen from my life's
expanding tree,
And soberer fruits have ripen'd on its harden'd stalks
for me;
No longer with a buoyant step I tread my pilgrim way,
And earth's horizon closer bends from hastening day
to day.

No more with curious questioning I seek the fervid
crowd,
Nor to ambition's glittering shrine I feel my spirit
bowed,
But, as bewitching flatteries from worldly ones depart,
Love's circle narrows deeply about my quiet heart.

Home joys come thronging round me, bright, blessed,
gentle, kind;
The social meal, the fireside book, unfetter'd mind
with mind;

The unsought song that asks no praise, but spirit-
stirr'd and free,
Wakes up within the thoughtful soul remember'd
melody.

Nor shall my humble *knitting work* pass unregarded
here,
The faithful friend who oft has chas'd a furrow or a
tear,
Who comes with still unwearied round to cheer my
failing eye,
And bid the curse of *ennui* from its polished weapons
fly.

Companionable knitting work! when gayer friends
depart,
Thou hold'st thy busy station even very near my
heart;
And when no social living tones to sympathy appeal,
I hear a gentle accent from thy softly clashing steel.

My confidential knitting work! a trusty friend art
thou,
As smooth and shining on my lap thou liest beside me
now;

Thou know'st some stories of my thoughts the many may not know,
As round and round the accustom'd path my careful fingers go.

Sweet, silent, quiet knitting work! thou interruptest not
My reveries and pleasant thoughts, forgetting and forgot!
I take thee up, and lay thee down, and use thee as I may,
And not a contradicting word thy burnish'd lips will say.

My moralizing knitting work! thy threads most aptly show
How evenly around life's span our busy threads should go;
And if a stitch perchance should drop, as life's frail stitches will,
How, if we patient take it up, the work may prosper still.

THE END.

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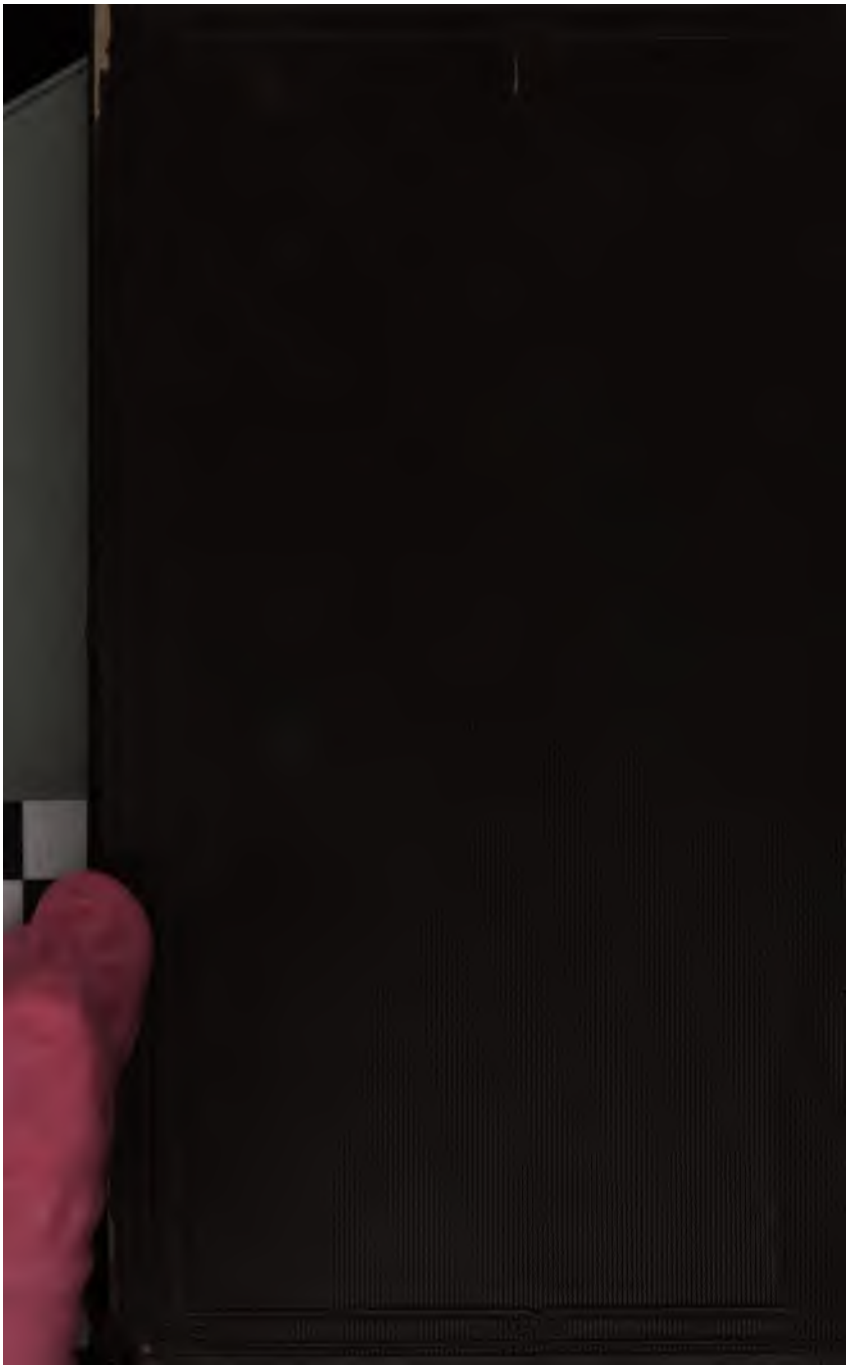
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